

CIVIL WAR HISTORY



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CIVIL WAR HISTORY

Contents for June 1960

VOLUME SIX

NUMBER TWO

<i>The War Crimes and Trial of Henry Wirz</i> by Darrett B. Rutman	117
<i>A Federal Surgeon at Sharpsburg</i> edited by James I. Robertson, Jr.	134
<i>The Prince Consort, "The Times," and the Trent Affair</i> by Norman B. Ferris	152
<i>Bampson of Bampson's Legion: An Informal Study of Confederate Command</i> by Matthew Hodgson	157
<i>Manpower—North and South—in 1860</i> by Thomas Schoonover	170
<i>The Death of Major General W. H. T. Walker, July 22, 1864</i> by Wilbur G. Kurtz, Sr.	174
<i>A Bibliography of Civil War Articles, 1959-1960</i>	180
<i>The Continuing War</i> by James I. Robertson, Jr.	187
<i>Notes and Queries</i> edited by Boyd B. Stutler	192
<i>Book Reviews</i>	203
<i>Book Notes</i>	219



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THE WAR CRIMES AND TRIAL OF HENRY WIRZ

Darrett B. Rutman

ON NOVEMBER 10, 1865, in the Old Capitol Prison in Washington D.C., Henry Wirz, late captain¹ in the Army of the Confederate States of America, stood on a scaffold, a convicted war criminal. Turning to the major commanding the execution party, Wirz shook his hand and pardoned him for his actions. "I know what orders are, Major," he said, "and I am being hung for obeying them."² Minutes later, his body constrained by leather straps, his bearded face masked by a black hood, Captain Wirz dangled hideously from the scaffold's crossbar.

Who was this man? During the fall of 1865 his very name was a household word for all that was "odious and infamous." The *New York Times* stated: "If there is any bitterness entertained by the Northern people toward the South, it springs from the . . . incredible and infamous treatment which Northern captured soldiers received in Southern prison camps."³ Henry Wirz, in 1864-1865 the commander of prisoners at Andersonville, or, as officially known, Camp Sumter, was the unfortunate on whom this bitterness turned. To the North he was "the Andersonville savage," "the inhuman wretch," "the infamous captain," "the barbarian." The North knew him as a "short, thickset Dutchman, repulsive in appearance, besotted, ignorant and cruel"; "an undersized, fidgety man with an insignificant face, and a mouth that protruded like a rabbit's";

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¹ Many writers have given Wirz the unwarranted rank of major. James M. Page and M. J. Haley, in *The True Story of Andersonville Prison: A Defense of Major Henry Wirz* (New York, 1908), p. 187, stated that Wirz was promoted to major in the winter of 1864-1865. Yet no record of such a promotion exists, and as late as August, 1865, Wirz signed his name to letters as "Late Captain and AAG, CSA." See *New York Times*, August 31, 1865, hereafter cited as *Times*; and *New York News*, August 30, 1865, hereafter cited as *News*.

² *Harper's Weekly*, November 25, 1865, hereafter cited as *Harper's*; *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, November 25, 1865, hereafter cited as *Leslie's*.

³ *Times*, August 16, 1865.

"a fawning, creeping Uriah Heep sort of fellow . . . with a sneaking look in his face."⁴ The descriptions are symptomatic of the public feeling about Wirz: He was what a hostile people wanted him to be—foreign, ugly, cruel, hulking, yet at the same time cringing and cowardly. Fact was unimportant when it opposed the mass psychosis which gripped the triumphant Union.

Even today, fact is disregarded. Henry Wirz still stands a black and fiendish creature, justly condemned as a torturer of Union prisoners.⁵ His story, though, is a tragedy. It is that of a man hurried to his death by vindictive politicians, an unbridled press, and a nation thirsty for revenge.

Born in Zurich, Switzerland, in 1822, a doctor by profession, Henry Wirz had abandoned Europe for the New World after the death of his first wife. In 1849 he settled in Louisville, Kentucky, and remarried. Five years later he moved to Milliken's Bend, Louisiana. By the time of the Civil War he had developed a large and lucrative medical practice.⁶ He was of medium height, about five feet eight inches, slim and slightly stoop-shouldered. His dark, partially gray hair and close-cropped beard accented a pale complexion and high forehead. His eyes were piercingly gray, but the whole aura of his face was one of subdued, shy sadness. Although he spoke with an accent, his writing was scrupulously correct, exhibiting a curtness and business-like air which tells much of the man's character.⁷

In the first enthusiastic war days of 1861, the thirty-nine-year-old Wirz left Milliken's Bend to enlist as a private in the elite Madison Infantry, Louisiana Volunteers. Wounded in the right shoulder and arm at Bull Run, he was reassigned to duty in the Confederate prisoner-of-war establishment. Competent and highly respected, he rose rapidly. By August, 1862, he was a captain and commanding Union prisoners in Richmond, Virginia. In 1863, with his wound aggravated and incapacitating him for duty, he obtained leave to sail for Europe. In Switzerland he underwent unsuccessful surgery on the bad arm. Returning to the Confederacy, Wirz was dispatched to Andersonville early in 1864 to take command of the interior of the prison, a position which gave him control

⁴ For example, see *New York Tribune*, July 11, 12, 22, 1865. Hereafter cited as *Tribune*.

⁵ William B. Hesseltine, in *Civil War Prisons: A Study in War Psychology* (Columbus, 1930), pp. 140-141, refrained from giving an accurate analysis of Wirz and left in the minds of readers a picture of Wirz's bestiality as presented by unfavorable prisoner accounts.

⁶ Wirz was a homeopathist and general practitioner, not a surgeon.

⁷ For examples of his writings, see U.S. War Dept., comp., *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington, 1880-1901), Series II, VII, 207, 522. Hereafter cited as O.R. and, unless otherwise specified, all references are to Series II.

over the discipline, supply, and physical facilities of the prisoners confined there.⁸

Little can be added to the voluminous literature which surrounds Andersonville. Cold statistics tell the story of disease and privation. In the single year that it was a prison camp, more than 12,000 Union soldiers died—almost 3,000 in August, 1864, or an average for that month of 100 per day. In one six-month period, March through August of the same year, 42,686 diseased and wounded prisoners were treated at the hospital attached to the camp.⁹ "Andersonville," a contemporary wrote, had become "a name . . . stamped . . . deeply by cruelty onto the pages of American history."¹⁰ Yet the cruelty implied in figures of death and disease was not that of Henry Wirz, nor was it the product of a Confederate conspiracy against the prisoners. It was the cruelty which is synonymous with war.

Into the situation of an uncompleted camp quickly rising to and surpassing its planned capacity came Henry Wirz in early April, 1864.¹¹ Until the day of his arrest he was to exert every effort to alleviate the conditions within the camp and to stem the ever-rising death toll. Searching the whole of the Confederacy for supplies and material (he found scarce items in places as separated as Columbus, Georgia, and Wilmington, North Carolina), he hurried the building of the bakehouse and insured an improvement in rations. At his insistence the original stockade was enlarged by ten acres, raising its capacity to 17,500. A month later it held 31,678 men, but prisoner deaths mounted to 100 a day.¹² Fresh water and toilet facilities inside the compound were afforded by the stream running through it. Perhaps adequate for 10,000 men, the creek soon turned into a slimy quagmire where maggots competed for the human waste of 30,000 prisoners. Wirz's attempts to construct dams and divide the disease-breeding stream into areas for drinking, bathing, and sanitation were blocked completely by the lack of equipment and material.

Wirz's continued efforts in the prisoners' behalf were invisible to those

⁸ For biographical data on Wirz, see Page and Haley, *Andersonville*, pp. 183-189; Hesseltine, *Prisons*, pp. 63-64, 114, 140-143; U.S. Congress, *Trial of Henry Wirz. Letter from the Secretary of War Ad Interim . . . Transmitting a Summary of the Trial . . .* (40th Cong., 2nd Sess., 1867-1868), Ex. Doc. 23, pp. 20-21, 99, 455, 556, 656-658, 803-805.

⁹ Hesseltine, *Prisons*, p. 152; R. U. Johnson and Clarence C. Buel, eds., *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* (New York, 1884-1887), IV, 713.

¹⁰ Augustus C. Hamlin, *Martyria: Or, Andersonville Prison* (Boston, 1868), p. 16.

¹¹ For varying descriptions of the camp at this time, see Hesseltine, *Prisons*, pp. 60-63; R. Randolph Stevenson, *The Southern Side; Or, Andersonville Prison* (Baltimore, 1876), pp. 15-23; Ambrose Spencer, *A Narrative of Andersonville* (New York, 1866), pp. 16-26; John McElroy, *Andersonville, A Story of Rebel Military Prisons* (Toledo, 1879), pp. 128-129.

¹² O.R., VIII, 124-125, 136, 426-427, 708.

confined at Andersonville. To them he was the "jailer," the "keeper." The only Confederate officer in constant contact with them, he became the symbol of their sickness, misery, and death. His stiff, correct bearing became arrogance in their minds; the firmness and caution demanded by overcrowded conditions became cruelty. The fact that he went armed in the camp was taken as evidence of his willingness to murder.¹³ And in an era when anti-foreign "Know-Nothingism" could command a full fifth of the total vote in a presidential election, violent antagonism against Wirz appears to have stemmed in part from his foreign birth. Prisoner accounts invariably quoted the "Dutch louse" in an exaggerated broken English: "Pi Gott, you don't vatch dem dam Yankees glose enough! Day are schlippping 'rout, and peatin' you efery dimes." At the time of Wirz's war crimes trial *Leslie's Illustrated* commented: "Thank God, [he] is not of American origin."¹⁴

While Wirz to the prisoners fast became the personification of all misery, Northern public opinion was centering its hatred of the rebellious Confederacy upon the Southern treatment of prisoners-of-war. Significantly, however, Northern resentment was first directed against its own government which had, in April, 1864, adopted a policy of no further exchanges of prisoners. Militarily, this policy was perhaps correct. To the manpower-rich North, captives were expendable. As prisoners, they consumed Southern supplies; exchanged, they would, as General Ulysses S. Grant wrote, only release "an active soldier [to serve] against us."¹⁵

Wirz's first appearance before this aroused Northern public was not spectacular. Official and semiofficial publications barely mentioned him. In one the misery of Andersonville was vividly described, yet Wirz was noted only as being "harsh, but not without kindly feelings."¹⁶ The villain of these reports was not Wirz but Dick Turner, a Richmond jailer. Northern attention turned to Andersonville only with the exchange of the sick and wounded, most of whom had been imprisoned there. Some returnees were reported as hating Wirz, yet in the public mind, he was merely an accessory to the general conspiracy. All the South was indicted for the plight of the defenseless prisoners. "It is part and parcel of a system," *Leslie's* proclaimed.¹⁷

The first flush of victory in April, 1865, brought jubilation to the North. Prisoners, exchanges—the whole rancor of war—vanished as the

¹³ Many prisoners believed that the guards were encouraged to shoot them by an offer of a thirty-day furlough for every Yankee killed. Yet there is no truth to the story. See Page and Haley, *Andersonville*, pp. 85-98.

¹⁴ McElroy, *Andersonville*, p. 144; *Leslie's* September 23, 1865.

¹⁵ *O.R.*, VII, 662.

¹⁶ U.S. Sanitary Commission, *Narratives of Privations and Sufferings of United States Officers and Soldiers While Prisoners of War* (Philadelphia, 1864), p. 266.

¹⁷ *Leslie's* April 29, 1865.

rebellion faded. Henry Wirz might well have gone quietly home, his service to a lost cause finished. The assassination of Lincoln, however, evoked rage and horror in the North and looped the gallows noose around Wirz's neck.

In the first days after Lincoln's assassination, Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton assumed almost the role of military dictator. Whatever the reason—perhaps sheer malice or the desire to cement the power seized during the confusion of the assassination night, Stanton declared to the world that Lincoln had been the victim of a great conspiracy directed against the North by Jefferson Davis and the Southern Confederacy. Yet his initial attempt to implicate former high confederate officials in the assassination plot failed—with much embarrassment to the Radicals. But Stanton was determined that the South would pay, and pay dearly, for its “crimes.” While continuing the efforts to link Davis with the assassination, Stanton also pursued a new course of trying to prove the old accusation (originally raised to mask the Union policy of non-exchange), that Davis and the Confederate leaders had conspired to murder Federal prisoners of war. It was in the pursuit of this second course, rather than as a result of public agitation, that a vindictive administration seized upon Henry Wirz.

Even at the time of his arrest in mid-May, 1865, Wirz had not become a *cause célèbre* in the North. As late as June 24, *Leslie's Illustrated* could speak of Federal prisoners “slowly put to death by that miserable sullen tyrant [Jefferson Davis] who now awaits trial in his cell in Fortress Monroe” without mentioning Wirz.¹⁸ Yet his name, his reputation, even his Germanic accent, were known among the men and officers of the Western armies.¹⁹ As the deep South was overrun by Federal troops following the April collapse of the Confederacy, Wirz was arrested upon the local authority of General J. H. Wilson, commanding the cavalry corps of the Military Division of the Mississippi. On May 16, Wilson reported the capture of the “notorious . . . commandant of the Andersonville Prison” to the Adjutant General's Office and requested that Wirz be brought to trial before a general court-martial. Before this report reached Washington, a War Department order for the arrest of Wirz and other Andersonville personnel had been circulated.²⁰ Thus, Wirz's execution was to be brought about not by a minor department commander's request but by the Washington administration itself.

Only with the arrest of Wirz, his transfer to Old Capitol Prison in Washington, and the announcement of his impending trial, did the full

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, June 24, 1865.

¹⁹ This notoriety was probably due to the fact that a majority of Andersonville prisoners in the summer and fall of 1864 were men from the Western armies.

²⁰ O.R., Series I, XLVII, 645-646; XLIX, 800.

fury of the North, guided by its press, center attention on him. "Hang Wirz" suddenly became an almost universal demand. The hatreds of four years of war, the hysteria born of the atrocity stories and ripened by the assassination of Lincoln, crystallized during the first few weeks of July. In such phrases as "the Andersonville savage," Wirz the man died, and Wirz the abiding legend was born. And though there were some to stand out against this campaign of villification, their sanity could not prevail over the mass hysteria which was developing. Ex-prisoners who remembered that the government had left them to their fate by curtailing and ending exchanges in the interest of winning the war "tried to forget." According to ex-prisoner James Madison Page, "For policy sake [they] either kept silent or perhaps joined in the clamor against Wirz."²¹ That portion of the press which warned against the popular pre-conviction of Wirz—the anti-administration *New York News*, for example—was lambasted by that portion of the press doing its utmost to insure such pre-conviction.²² When Washington attorney Louis Shade volunteered to defend Wirz, Shade's German blood was cited as the reason, and he was "lampooned by the press from Boston to Boise."²³ The public appeal of the defense attorneys who asked the press "not to bring its powerful influence to bear to prejudice the public mind" had as little effect as one-time radical Henry Ward Beecher's declaration that blood enough had been shed.²⁴ Wirz, remarked his leading attorney, "was doomed before he was heard."²⁵

While the press campaign was raging, the authorities in Washington were gathering evidence of the Confederate conspiracy against the prisoners. Initial investigations were by no means confined to Wirz, but he was the logical victim. The press and the public had already selected him. He was foreign; he was associated with the worst of the prison camps. And the hatreds which had evolved among tens of thousands of prisoners incarcerated at Andersonville formed a hard knot of vicious opinion when those prisoners were released to their homes. Andersonville and Wirz—Hell and the Devil—soon became the focal point of the investigation.

This investigation—indeed, the whole trial and final execution—was conducted by the War Department's Adjutant General's Office and Bureau of Military Justice. Heading both was Brigadier General Joseph

²¹ Page and Haley, *Andersonville*, p. 106

²² Cf. *Times*, August 15-16, 1865; *Tribune*, July 11, August 12, 22, 1865.

²³ Page and Haley, *Andersonville*, p. 206.

²⁴ *Times*, August 4, 28, 1865.

²⁵ Louis Shade, *Mr. Louis Shade's Open Letter* (Washington, 1867), p. 2. Symptomatic of the influence of this press barrage was the refusal of the Swiss consul-general to acknowledge that Wirz was of Swiss origin. See *ibid.* and John D. Lawson, ed., *American State Trials* (St. Louis, 1914-), VIII, 659n.

Holt, a rabid Kentucky Unionist and political ally of Secretary Stanton and one who was already deeply implicated in the perjury manipulations of the assassination trial. Holt was just as anxious as Stanton to link Jefferson Davis to the prison conspiracy. However, too busy to give his personal attention to the prison issue, Holt turned the case over to one of the most energetic of the JAG's stable of military lawyers—Colonel Norton P. Chipman. Chipman had risen far and fast for a twenty-seven-year-old attorney. A student in Iowa's tough and radical school of politics at the outbreak of the Civil War, young Chipman had obtained a lieutenant's commission in the Second Iowa Infantry. Advancing quickly, he had gained a high place in the Holt-Stanton coterie. A man in whom venom and hate toward the South supplemented ambition for his own advancement, Chipman threw all his energy into the prosecution of Wirz.²⁶

Chipman had a two-fold job: the presentation of some sort of case to prove a general conspiracy, and a specific case to prove atrocities committed by Wirz. The one case was to satisfy Stanton and the vindictives, the other to satisfy the public. From June to late August he labored on his dual task. Trial date was set initially for early August, was postponed to August 15, and then postponed again when Chipman announced his unreadiness. Finally on August 21, the court formally went into session.

Meeting in the high-vaulted Court of Claims room in Washington's Capitol Building, a setting calculated to create the aura of a great state event missing in the earlier assassination trials, the court's proceedings were marked by a combination of informality and military precision. The nine members of the court serving as both judges and jurors sat according to their military rank around a large table centered in the room, with Chipman at one end and the president of the court, Major General Lew Wallace (the future author of *Ben Hur* and previously a member of the assassination tribunal), at the other. Wirz, his health broken as a result of his inflamed wound, overwork at Andersonville during the last year of the war, and the treatment he had received as a prisoner, lay on a couch through most of the trial.²⁷ His attorneys occupied a small table to the side. The spectators, predominantly women, were seated at one end of the rectangular room.

Secretary Stanton was himself on hand for the opening of the trial. As Wirz's lawyers, Judge James Hughes, General James Denver, Charles F. Peck, and Louis Shade, stood by his side, Stanton read the charges and

²⁶ Chipman subsequently became prominent in Washington politics, served as the district's representative in Congress for two terms, and was later named a United States district judge. After the era of Reconstruction, he moved to California and again served as a district court judge.

²⁷ On September 23, 1865, the *Times* reported that "it is doubtful whether Wirz will live to see the case closed."

specifications which accused Wirz of violations of the rules of war in his murder and abuse of prisoners,²⁸ and of conspiring with Jefferson Davis, General Robert E. Lee, Confederate Secretary of War James Seddon, and others, to murder the prisoners *en masse*.

Chipman's ardor had apparently taken him too far. The conspiracy charge was almost identical with the bombastic conspiracy charge in the assassination trial. That had caused and was still causing Stanton trouble. The Secretary became enraged while reading this portion of the indictment. As soon as Wirz's attorneys had entered their pleas, the court was adjourned.²⁹ The next morning, minus the defendant, the court met behind closed doors. When the public was admitted, Chipman ruled that the first session had been technically irregular. Over the objection of Wirz's attorneys, the court adjourned without setting a date for reconvening.

The following day, after giving Wirz's lawyers only cursory notice—so cursory that attorney Shade knew nothing of the session—the court met again. The intervening night had apparently been a busy one for the War Department. A new commission signed by President Johnson rectified the "technical irregularity" Chipman had cited the day before, and a new indictment drawn up at Stanton's insistence was now before the court. Identical with the first in every respect but one, the new indictment deleted the names of Davis, Seddon, and Lee from the conspiracy charge. Wirz was charged simply with conspiring "with others unknown."

Strongly objecting to this substitution as double jeopardy (inasmuch as Wirz had already pleaded to the first indictment), and declaring that they could do nothing for Wirz as they had been consistently neglected by the judge advocate in receiving copies of charges and notification of sessions, defense attorneys Hughes, Peck, and Denver ignored Wirz's tearful plea not to abandon him and stalked forever out of the courtroom. Chipman, who, under the military law of that period occupied the three-part but incompatible position of being obliged to prosecute the accused while at the same time insuring him a fair trial and impartially determining all questions of law, then assumed the defense.³⁰ Although he had spent over two months preparing his prosecution, he respectfully asked and obtained a twenty-four-hour adjournment to prepare his case.

²⁸ The United States government itself had promulgated these rules in 1864.

²⁹ Wirz pleaded a variety of technicalities: no jurisdiction as the court had no standing in law; no jurisdiction as the case was not presented by a competent authority; no jurisdiction inasmuch as Wirz had never been a member of the United States Army and the present body was a military court; no jurisdiction inasmuch as Wirz was covered under the Johnson-Sherman parole agreement, etc. See *Trial Record*, pp. 1-3.

³⁰ "Military and Martial Law," *North American Review*, CII (1866), 334ff.

Whatever defense he might have constructed during that night never was presented. When the court opened on the 24th, Louis Shade, an indomitable and unshakable friend, was by Wirz's side. Wirz's life now depended fully on this one man.

Chipman's prosecution opened with an effort to prove the conspiracy charge.³¹ A parade of witnesses appeared to testify on the horrible camp conditions. Normal Confederate field reports on deaths and sickness within the camp were entered as evidence and cited as the gloatings of venomous conspirators over the sufferings of the prisoners. In presenting reports, Chipman's extracts often excluded or glossed over recommendations which were designed to improve conditions. Surgeon Joseph Jones, whose innocent request to study disease cases at the prison was twisted to sound like a request to use humans as guinea pigs, later wrote: "In the extracts read before the court . . . everything related to the distressed condition of the Southern states and to the difficulties under which the medical officers labored in the discharge of their duties . . . was suppressed."³²

Chipman's most telling blow was his presentation of an inspection report of the camp made in 1864 by Colonel A. C. Chandler. Chandler's devastating description of conditions—his report mirrored the colonel's personal dislike for General John H. Winder, who was then in command of the camp—was time and again cited by Chipman as evidence of intentional and deliberate cruelty on the part of the Confederate government. Chipman particularly dwelt upon Chandler's comment that Winder was one to "advocate deliberately and in cold blood the propriety of leaving the prisoners in their present condition until their number has been sufficiently reduced by deaths to make the arrangements suffice."³³ Ghastly as this statement appeared, it was made more so by the judge advocate's ignoring the report's endorsements and by his assertion that, though the Confederacy had been able to rectify this situation, nothing had been done. It made little difference that, at the time, Wirz himself had expressed the hope to Chandler that "your official report will make such an impression with the authorities at Richmond that they will issue the necessary orders to enable us to get what we so badly need."³⁴

To refute the deluge of evidence presented by Chipman in support of the conspiracy charge, Wirz's defense could only cite the obvious: "I am not conscious of there being one particle of testimony in the entire rec-

³¹ The following account of the trial was taken from *Trial Record*, *passim*, and *Times*, August 25, 1865.

³² Stevenson, *Southern Side*, p. 37.

³³ O.R., VIII, 551-553. For the effect of this revelation on the public mind, see *Harper's*, September 23, 1865.

³⁴ *Trial Record*, pp. 227-229.

ord going to establish the charge or giving it even the faint color of probability." Not one of the 160 witnesses, he continued, had shown that "I indicated or had knowledge of the existence of such a hellish plot" or that "such a conspiracy ever existed." The conditions of the camp were only a reflection of the plight of the whole Confederacy, he maintained. As an officer in a difficult and terrible position, he had only done his duty.³⁵

The defense's attempt to take a more positive stand was defeated by Chipman. The judge advocate alone had the power to summon witnesses, and he refused to issue subpoenas to any who would testify to similar conditions in Northern prisons.³⁶ Robert Ould, the Confederate exchange commissioner, wrote later that he had been subpoenaed for the defense to testify as to the demise of the exchange program in 1864 and the result of such cessation in overburdening Southern prisons. "It was not [thought] proper that such testimony should see the light," Ould wrote when commenting upon the judge advocate's demand that he surrender his subpoena and refrain from testifying. Indeed, such testimony might well have revived, at least in part, the anti-Stanton emotions of late 1864.³⁷

Though Wirz was, in the end, found guilty of conspiracy, Chipman's performance was far from convincing. In his summation he was obliged to resort to "guilt by allegation" and, in a passage identical in tenor with the popular press, he asked the court:

When we remember that the man here charged, and those inculpated but not named in the indictment [Davis, Seddon, Lee, etc.], are some of them who were at the head of the late rebellion . . . and . . . sanctioned the brutal conduct of their soldiers as early as the First Battle of Bull Run—who perpetrated unheard of cruelties at Libby and Belle Island—who encouraged the most atrocious propositions of retaliation in their Congress— . . . who employed a surgeon in their service to steal into our capital city infected clothing—who approved the criminal treatment of the captured garrisons at Fort Pillow, Fort Washington, and elsewhere—who were guilty of the basest treachery of sending paroled prisoners into the field—who planted torpedoes in the paths of your soldiers— . . . who organized and carried to a successful termination a most diabolical conspiracy to assassinate the President of the United States; when we remember these things of these men, may we not, without hesitancy, bring to light the conspiracy here charged?³⁸

Even John R. Stibbs, a member of the court who voted for conviction on this count, felt that Chipman's evidence as to conditions in the prison

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 704. Wirz also showed conclusively that he was not even at Andersonville during the month of August when the largest number of deaths occurred.

³⁶ Stevenson, *Southern Side*, pp. 184-185.

³⁷ Ould's comments were originally published in an open letter in the *Washington Daily National Intelligencer*, August 17, 1868.

³⁸ *Trial Record*, p. 749.

only "tended to establish the charge of conspiracy." Stibbs implied that he voted for the hanging of Wirz, not on the conspiracy charge, but on the evidence which "establish[ed] the fact that Wirz had by his own acts been found guilty of willful murder."³⁹

This evidence of "willful murder" included bias and favoritism on the part of the court, hearsay and exaggeration from discredited witnesses, and decided indications of purchased testimony. Had Chipman been presenting his case against Wirz under the second charge—violation of the rules of war—and to a civil court, it is highly improbable that a judicially-minded judge would have permitted the case to go to a jury. Even Adjutant General Holt implied as much after the trial when he wrote that the military tribunal which tried Wirz and the Lincoln conspirators was "a most powerful and efficacious instrumentality . . . for the bringing to justice of a large class of malefactors in the service or interest of the rebellion . . . *unencumbered by the technicalities and inevitable embarrassments attending the administration of justice before civil tribunals.*"⁴⁰

This second charge was supported by thirteen specifications, each alleging that Wirz, either by his own hand or through a second party, murdered a Union prisoner. He was found guilty on eleven of these specifications. The 900-odd pages of testimony supporting the charges, a monotonous account of the shooting, beatings, stampings to death, use of dogs to kill and mangle, use of poisoned vaccination, and the like, is much too bulky to deal with in detail. It is enough to point out several factors:

1. In no case does the specification identify the name of the alleged victim, despite the fact that in one case "the shooting was alleged to have been done in the broad daylight in the presence of thousands" and in another, the victim "lived five days after Wirz's cruel treatment" in the care of comrades.⁴¹

2. In almost every case the witnesses testifying as to murder had not seen the actual act and as such testified to hearsay or to a shot in the night. Many were unable to prove that the presumed victim had actually died.⁴²

³⁹ John H. Stibbs, "Andersonville and the Trial of Henry Wirz," *Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, IX (1911), 54.

⁴⁰ O.R., Series III, V, 493. The italics were inserted.

⁴¹ See Page and Haley, *Andersonville*, pp. 191-204.

⁴² For example, Felix de la Baume testified: "First I heard a shot fired without seeing who fired it. After hearing that shot fired I looked down to the left and I saw Captain Wirz fire two more shots, wounding two men. One of them was carried up near his headquarters and in my opinion was in a dying condition. . . . I did not myself see him die; but he was evidently in a dying condition." Again, Hugh R. Snee testified that he heard shots, heard someone ask who did it, and then heard someone answer, "the captain." *Trial Record*, pp. 282, 353.

3. Similarly, the circumstances and time element stipulated in the specifications were not verified by witnesses who testified as to the particular crime. Where witnesses tended to corroborate one another in one respect, they invariably contradicted each other in another. Variations between direct and cross examination were common.⁴³

4. Much evidence corresponded to no specification. For example, Thomas C. Alcock described the shooting of "Red" of the 8th Missouri "in February, I think, February or June or along in there." Robert Merton told of hearing the dying statement of a colored man who had been shot in the back by Wirz from one Richard Fitzgerald, a prisoner who was later shot by a sentry.⁴⁴

5. In finding Wirz guilty to six specifications, the court amended the specifications to fit the evidence presented by the prosecution. For example, specification three, which described a fatal shooting on June 13, and which was not supported by a single piece of evidence, was amended by substituting September for June. Wirz was then found guilty to this specification on the strength of evidence which previously had no place in the indictment. Again, after the defense presented positive proof that Wirz was not at the camp between August 4 and August 20, one specification alleging murder during this period was amended by changing the date to August 25. Furthermore, general amendments to the specifications even added the murder of three unknown and unidentified prisoners to the list contained in the original charge.⁴⁵

When closely analyzed, the evidence as to murders committed by Wirz's own hand condenses to but two possible cases, that described by Felix de la Baume and partly substantiated by George Conway, and the even stronger testimony of George W. Gray.⁴⁶ Although he described the shooting of a Federal by Wirz, La Baume was not able either to identify the victim or to swear that the victim had died. The incident described by Conway, similar in most aspects, varied in time.

La Baume himself was perhaps the most impeachable prosecution witness. Identifying himself on the stand as a Frenchman and the grand-nephew of Lafayette, La Baume "held the surging crowd like an inspiration" with his tale of terror and death.⁴⁷ After his testimony a gratified court urged that he be given a position in the Department of the Inte-

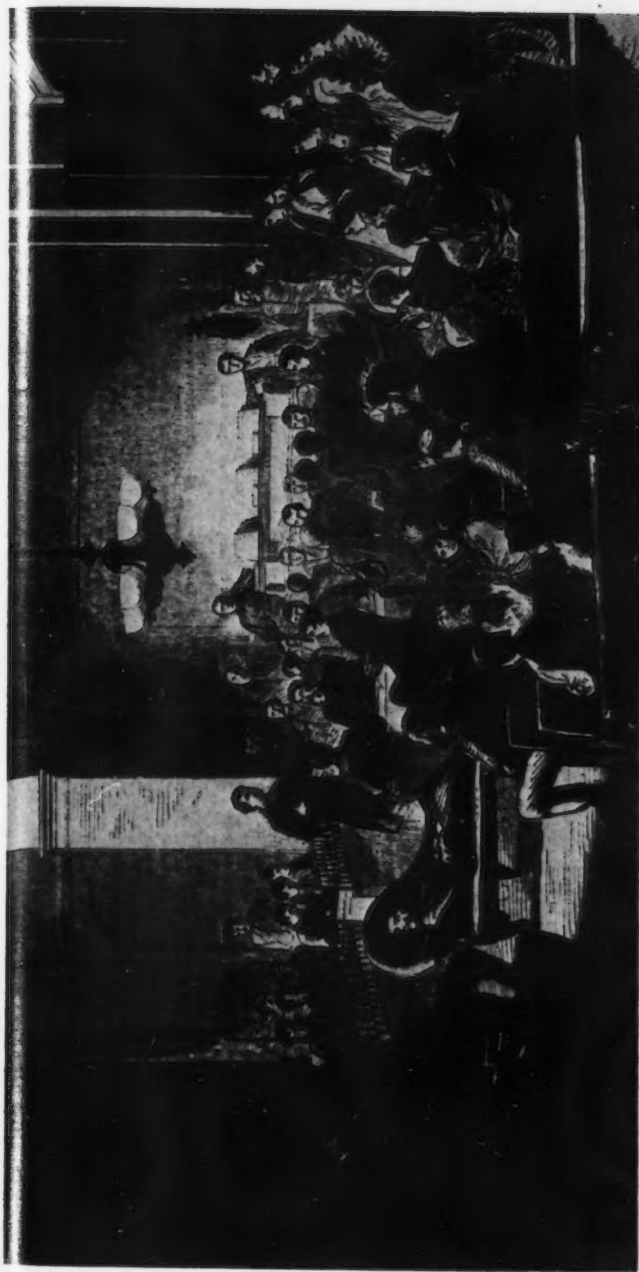
⁴³ See *ibid.*, pp. 51, 89, 164, 194-195.

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 67, 175, 263-265.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 398. Cf. original and amended specifications three and five in *ibid.*, pp. 14-15, 807-808.

⁴⁶ This omits allegations that Wirz committed murder through a second party. For example, see Page and Haley, *Andersonville*, pp. 140-146.

⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 207. Both Page, an observer throughout the trial, and Shade, in *Open Letter*, p. 3, commented on the fact that the prosecution witnesses "played to the gallery."



Harper's Weekly, October 21, 1865
In this contemporary drawing of the trial, Prosecutor Chipman is shown presenting his case while Wirz, guarded by two sentries, lies on a chaise longue. The trial was held in Washington's Court of Claims.



Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 25, 1865

Drawn a few minutes after his execution, this picture of Wirz's room in the Old Capitol Prison shows the fire still blazing in the fireplace and his only companion, a cat, lying on the floor.



Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 25, 1865

Here two Federal officers are placing the traditional black shroud on Wirz preparatory to escorting him to the gallows. Standing by are the two Catholic confessors who remained with him throughout his last hours.



Confederate Veteran, May, 1908

This sketch of Wirz was drawn from a photograph in the January, 1907, issue of the *Confederate Veteran*. The only known photograph of Wirz was made during his wartime visit to Switzerland. He was a much leaner man than this drawing depicts.



Harper's Weekly, November 25, 1865

The hangman places the noose around Wirz's neck as drawn-up soldiers await the spring of the trap. In the background are spectators who climbed trees to watch the execution. The drop did not break Wirz's neck, and he struggled for several minutes before choking to death.

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rior. He accepted the offer, but some ten days after the Wirz execution, he was identified as Felix Oeser, a deserter from the 7th New York Volunteers. Although his employment was quickly terminated, no charges were ever brought against him.⁴⁸

La Baume was not the only prosecution witness with questioned veracity. Boston Corbett, whose tale of ferocious bloodhounds chasing defenseless (but escaping) prisoners brought sternness to the eyes of the court and tears to the eyes of the women spectators, was a well-known religious fanatic whose escapades included reproving the colonel of his regiment for swearing. (He was at one time sentenced to death for desertion but had been pardoned.) He was the same Boston Corbett who claimed credit for the shooting of John Wilkes Booth. As a prosecution witness, the fanatical, wide-eyed Corbett claimed that he himself had been chased by the hounds, that one had come up to him while he lay concealed and had rubbed his nose against him. When asked by the defense why this ferocious hound had not bitten him, he answered that "the same Power that kept the lions from biting Daniel to pieces is the same in Whom I trust."⁴⁹ Another prosecution witness, Thomas C. Alcock, admitted that money taken from him at Andersonville had been stolen by him from a Southern home before his capture. He reportedly told a friend after being dismissed from the stand that what he had just sworn to "was all a d- - lie." When the defense attempted to impeach Alcock on the grounds of this remark, Chipman in his capacity of law officer barred the testimony.⁵⁰

In such a morass of questionable witnesses, conflicting and incomplete testimony, and obvious lies, the testimony of George W. Gray stands out as the only evidence that Wirz shot an identifiable man and that the man subsequently died. Speaking in a firm, strong voice, Gray told of seeing Wirz shoot, kill, and rob one William Stewart of the 9th Minnesota while he and Stewart were carrying a body to the prison morgue. Half rising from the couch where he lay, Wirz wrathfully challenged the truth of Gray's story. He sank back hopelessly when Gray repeated it. Here was a dramatic scene: the clear story of a brutal murder, the challenge, the witness's consistent rebuttal, and the final collapse of the defendant which members of the court and the press took as remorse—and as a sign of guilt on Wirz's part.⁵¹

Gray's stubborn insistence on his story thwarted all effort to break him in cross examination. Exasperated, attorney Shade could only write that Gray "swore falsely, and God alone knows what the poor innocent

⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 4; Page and Haley, *Andersonville*, pp. 205-206.

⁴⁹ *Harper's*, May 13, September 16, 1865; *Leslie's*, May 13, 1865.

⁵⁰ *Times*, October 6, 1865.

⁵¹ *Trial Record*, p. 398.

prisoner must have suffered at that moment." Inherent weaknesses in the testimony itself seem to confirm Shade. In cross examination, Gray grudgingly admitted that he and Stewart were in the act of attempting an escape at the time of the shooting. After delivering the body they were carrying to the morgue, the pair intended taking to the fields. But Wirz, he asserted could not have known of this plan. The murder and robbery were, Gray insisted, cold-blooded and deliberate. More damaging to Gray was his own allegation that, after his escape and recapture, he was brought before Wirz for questioning and then returned to the compound without punishment—an act highly improbable had Wirz been the murderous beast that Gray painted him.⁵²

Even assuming the truth of Gray's testimony, it had little pertinency in the Wirz trial. Gray testified that the shooting took place in mid-September. No specification alleged any such incident at that time. In finding Wirz guilty of this murder, the court had first to amend a specification describing a fatal shooting on June 13 by the substitution of September for June.⁵³

Wirz's defense against this potpourri of murder charges was but a general denial. Twenty-two former prisoners and guards appeared as defense witnesses and declared that they had never witnessed nor heard rumor of any brutality on the part of Wirz. Medical testimony was offered to show that Wirz was incapable of almost any act of physical brutality because of his inability to make full use of his injured right arm.

Yet throughout his defense Shade was hampered by a hostile court under the presidency of a man he later called "arbitrary and despotic," by a judge advocate who misused the power of his position, by an underlying sentiment of anti-foreignism, and, ultimately, by a blatantly biased press. The same court which time and again gave Chipman postponements to "prepare" witnesses was aghast that Shade should request time to "train" witnesses. Shade's constant objections to leading questions, hearsay testimony, and unconnected allegations were disregarded when Chipman pointed out that such testimony was left to the discretion of the court. Yet prosecutor Chipman's objections on similar grounds were consistently sustained by the judge advocate, with Chipman again acting as law officer. Defense witnesses were continually intimidated. Indeed, one of them, James Duncan, was arrested in the courtroom and ordered held for future trial. Exasperated at one time by what he considered a perversion of justice, Shade left the courtroom, muttering, as had the original battery of defense lawyers, that this was no trial in law. Again, the defense devolved on Chipman who sought a twenty-four-hour delay to "try to adapt myself to the interests of the prisoner." But

⁵² *Ibid.*, pp. 398-400; Shade, *Open Letter*, p. 4.

⁵³ *Trial Record*, p. 808.

moved by Wirz's plight, Shade returned the next day. His return was a futile gesture; the outcome was preordained.

A resounding verdict of "Guilty" was being trumpeted by the press even before the prosecution had completed its case. *Leslie's Illustrated* commented on September 23: "The evidence, not yet half in, against Wirz on every allegation of outrage, cruelty, and murder is so clear and abundant, that the vilest Copperhead and most outrageous rebel, can offer no excuse or apology for him. . . . His name, whether or not he cheats the halter, will go down to posterity as synonymous with all that is loathsome and detestable in human nature."⁵⁴ As the prosecution gave way to the defense, the press greeted Shade with jeers. "The facts which have been sworn to by the witnesses for the prosecution cannot be disputed," proclaimed *Harper's Weekly*. The *New York Times* headed one story containing an account of defense testimony, "What Certain Persons Didn't See" and another, "Some More Testimony As To What Witnesses Did Not See." Coverage of the trial which had been prominently displayed throughout the prosecution significantly declined during the defense presentation. The *New York Times* shifted the story from page one to its inside columns. *Harper's Weekly* wrote benignly that it was sparing its readers the bother of reading a monotonous stream of atrocity stories.⁵⁵

In this aura of hate, the final verdict was anticlimactic. On November 6 Andrew Johnson approved the unanimous sentence of death imposed by the court. On that same date Wirz wrote to the President: "The pangs of death are short, and therefore I humbly pray that you will pass on your sentence without delay. Give me death or liberty. The one I do not fear; the other I crave."⁵⁶ Johnson's answer was to set the date of execution for November 10.⁵⁷

The last act of this tragedy was a threefold one of which the execution was the most minor.

Despite the fact that Wirz was found guilty to an amended count specifying a conspiracy with Jefferson Davis, James A. Seddon, and other Confederate leaders, the conspiracy charge was unproved. In proclaiming Wirz guilty, even the press could not allege the existence of a conspiracy by intimidation. "That the rebel officials in Richmond did inspire the conduct of Wirz, *even if they did not specifically direct it*, scarcely admits of doubt," *Leslie's Illustrated* stated.⁵⁸ Adjutant General Holt declared to War Secretary Stanton that "the barbarities of Wirz

⁵⁴ *Leslie's*, September 23, 1865. See also *Harper's*, September 16, 1865.

⁵⁵ *Leslie's*, October 21, 1865.

⁵⁶ Page and Haley, *Andersonville*, p. 226.

⁵⁷ O.R., VIII, 773-781, 784-794. A variety of letters appealing for clemency went to no avail. Shade himself attempted to see the President on several occasions but eventually was forced to content himself with writing a letter.

⁵⁸ *Leslie's*, September 23, 1865. The italics were inserted.

were clearly shown to have been but the revolting features of a system, doubtless devised at Richmond, for the destruction by starvation and fatal cruelties of all the Federal prisoners."⁵⁹ Yet Holt was more prone to accept fraudulency than was his chief.

The Wirz trial had still not given Stanton a specific and direct charge to lodge against Jefferson Davis. One last attempt to create a concrete charge out of the prison issue was made. On the eve of the execution, Louis Shade and Wirz's confessor, Father F. E. Boyle, received visits from "a high cabinet officer." Both were informed that if Wirz "would implicate Jefferson Davis with the atrocities at Andersonville his sentence would be commuted."⁶⁰ That same night, an announcement was sent to the press disclosing that Wirz had linked Davis to a plot in conversation with General L. C. Baker, Stanton's intelligence chief. But on the morning of his execution, Wirz denied this story and refused the offer of a commutation. "I do not know anything about Jefferson Davis," he stated. "He had no connection with me as to what was done at Andersonville. If I knew anything of him, I would not become a traitor . . . even to save my life."⁶¹

Wirz's last-minute refusal to barter for his life gave new impetus to a gradual change in the tenor of the press which had first been evident during the month before his execution.⁶² At first the effect of these small voices in opposition was little in comparison to the vehemence of the newspaper giants. Yet, very slowly, a hint of change crept into their columns. In October *Leslie's Illustrated* presented a line etching depicting Andersonville as a community of clean, orderly barracks. No starving wretches littered the scene. A sutler's store was clearly pictured. This, according to the caption, was "the only correct view . . . ever published." The same issue admitted that portion of the defense which proved Wirz's absence from the camp during August, 1864. Moreover, Wirz's name appeared without a condemnatory adjective.⁶³

Though this trend had no effect on the ultimate hanging of Wirz, Secretary Stanton could perhaps see in it, and in a growing clamor against the use of the military commission in general, the eventual end of his attempt to force the trial of Jefferson Davis. Offering Wirz his life in exchange for testimony implicating Davis in a conspiracy was one way of resisting the trend. Another was the further blackening of Wirz's name. Late in October the story went out to the press that Wirz's wife, aghast at his bestiality, had attempted to poison him by passing a capsule from her mouth to his during a final kiss. Only the quick action of the omni-

⁵⁹ O.R., Series III, V, 492.

⁶⁰ Shade, *Open Letter*, pp. 2-3; Page and Haley, *Andersonville*, pp. 220-221.

⁶¹ Shade, *Open Letter*, p. 3.

⁶² For example, see *News*, August 9, 1865, in which an officer on Sheridan's staff and a one-time Andersonville prisoner came to Wirz's defense.

⁶³ *Leslie's*, October 21, 1865.

present General Baker had forestalled the attempt. Shade's quick denial of the incident—he pointed out that at the alleged time Mrs. Wirz had been some 900 miles away from Washington—was never challenged. Though the poison story was widely reprinted, it had little effect in curbing the general trend.⁶⁴

With the execution of Wirz, the electric emotions of the year subsided. The brutalities of Andersonville were to be remembered; indeed, during the whole of a generation they were to be the most powerful political weapon that could be used by the North in securing Republican victories at the polls. And Wirz's name, despite the efforts of personal vindicators who forced Chipman and the last remaining member of the military court to write in their own defense toward the end of the century, has remained a black one.⁶⁵ But positive conviction as to a great Confederate conspiracy died quickly. Seddon, Winder, Alexander H. Stephens, J. H. White, even Davis himself in time, were released without trial. The exoneration of John Surratt, the last of the Lincoln conspirators, by a civil court in 1867 was to mark the end of Stanton's campaign of hate.

Indicative of the subsiding emotions in 1865 was a statement in *Harper's Weekly*. On December 16, barely a month after the Wirz execution the journal remarked that if there had been found "any proof of Davis' direct complicity with the tortures of Andersonville . . . Davis would have been tried by a military commission and if convicted, would have been executed." Davis' moral guilt was certain, *Harper's* proclaimed, "but the law will not hang a man for moral guilt."

Yet the law—that of a military tribunal—augmented by the press and an angry populace did hang Henry Wirz. Taken from his cell in the Old Capitol Prison on November 10, Wirz was led into the courtyard. Left behind were a few books and a white kitten that had kept him company during the long months of imprisonment. On the way he stopped before the door of a fellow prisoner and asked him to take care of his wife and children and try and clear the stigma attached to his name.⁶⁶ His courageous acceptance of his fate even at the foot of the scaffold, and his refusal to satisfy the expectation that he would cringe and balk, were to his credit. There was, said *Leslie's Illustrated*, "something in his face and step which, in a better man, might have passed for heroism." Yet what heroism there was disappeared with the roll of a drum, the jerk of a halter, and the cheers of a nation gone mad.⁶⁷

⁶⁴ Shade, *Open Letter*, p. 3; *Leslie's*, November 25, 1865.

⁶⁵ See William B. Hesseltine, "The Propaganda Literature of Confederate Prisons," *Journal of Southern History*, I (1935), 56-66; Hesseltine, *Prisons*, pp. 247-279.

⁶⁶ Shade, *Open Letter*, p. 1; Page and Haley, *Andersonville*, pp. 224-225.

⁶⁷ For accounts of the execution, see *Leslie's* November 25, 1865; *Harper's*, November 25, 1865; and *O.R.*, VIII, 794. Wirz was buried in the prison yard next to George Atzerodt, one of the conspirators in the Lincoln assassination.

A FEDERAL SURGEON AT SHARPSBURG

Edited by James I. Robertson, Jr.

Much has been written of the bloodiest one-day battle of the Civil War. Scores of personal narratives and critical studies have recounted in hour-by-hour fashion the September 17, 1862, struggle waged along the banks of Antietam Creek, and such names as East Wood, Dunker Church, Bloody Lane, and Burnside's Bridge are familiar to every student of the 1861-1865 conflict. Yet the following account of that engagement is unique in that it was written by a Federal physician who saw war not as a contest for this particular clump of trees or that desecrated field, but rather as a mass maiming of human beings in a chess game waged by officers.

The author of the diary from which these recollections were taken was Dr. Theodore Dimon, Acting Surgeon, 2nd Maryland (U.S.) Regiment. Born in Fairfield, Connecticut, September 19, 1816, he was the grandson of Lieutenant Colonel David Dimon, who served with distinction in the Revolutionary War as a member of the Sixth Regiment, Connecticut Line. Another grandparent, Captain Elisha Hihman, commanded the frigate "Alfred" in that war. The future physician was the youngest member of the Yale graduating class of 1835. Receiving his medical degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1838, he then set up practices first in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, and later in Utica, New York. In 1841 he married Sarah Watson Williams, daughter of a Utica magistrate. Two of three sons were born in that city before Dr. Dimon moved to Auburn, New York, to become resident physician at the Auburn State Prison, where, with the exception of three years spent in the California gold fields, he remained until the outbreak of war.

In April, 1861, the forty-five-year-old doctor volunteered as surgeon in the 19th New York Infantry (which later became the 3rd New York Artillery). He served with the unit in North Carolina through June, 1862, when he was transferred to the 2nd Maryland, where he served through the campaigns of Second Manassas, Chantilly, South Mountain, and Sharpsburg. In October, 1862, he rejoined his New York battery. He was mustered out of service shortly before the Battle of Gettysburg, yet he

answered the call for physicians and spent weeks caring for the human debris of that three-day engagement. A lack of suitable burial places for the dead moved Dr. Dimon to suggest a soldier's cemetery for New York troops at Gettysburg; with the aid of several officers and government officials, he obtained approval of the undertaking from Governors Andrew G. Curtin of Pennsylvania and Horatio Seymour of New York. He then acted as volunteer agent in the Relief Service until the end of the war. In this capacity he visited hospitals at Portsmouth, Fortress Monroe, and Norfolk, Virginia, giving what care he could to incapacitated Federals. He returned to Auburn in 1865, resumed his medical practice, and in 1869 was reappointed surgeon of the State Prison. A decade later, he was named superintendent of the Asylum for Insane Criminals. He retired from this post in 1882 and died in Auburn, July 22, 1889, at the age of seventy-two.

* * *

The following excerpt from Dr. Dimon's diary recounts the action around Burnside's Bridge in the early afternoon of that bloody Wednesday. Early that morning Burnside had been ordered by General George B. McClellan, commanding the Army of the Potomac, to launch his attack at once in order to relieve the pressure exerted by Confederate defenders on the opposite end of the field. But for almost four hours the jolly Rhode Islander vacillated, despite the fact that his Ninth Army Corps contained four of the best divisions in the Federal army. Unknown to Burnside at the time, the Confederates he saw massed on the commanding ridge across Antietam Creek and in front of the arched stone bridge were nothing more than the skeleton regiments of Robert Toombs's Georgia brigade. Instead of launching a full-scale attack across the stream, Burnside resigned himself to a series of feelers. In mid-morning General George Crook's brigade moved down hill and attempted to storm the bridge under the support of General Samuel D. Sturgis' entrenched division. When a concentrated fire from the hill beyond drove back Crook's men, Sturgis dispatched a brigade, including the 2nd Maryland, to try to seize control of the bridge. It too withered before the Confederate fire and quickly took cover behind a stone fence just at the bridge. Had Burnside hurled his entire corps against the heights, the meager Confederate defenders would have had no chance. Instead, and for the rest of the morning, Burnside watched and wondered, while 13,000 Federals were held at bay by no more than 600 Confederates.

Around noon McClellan's exasperation exploded; Burnside was ordered to take the bridge at any cost. Burnside, now jolted into action, delegated command of the assault to General Jacob D. Cox, who quickly ordered Sturgis to prepare two regiments for a spearhead. Chosen

were the 51st New York, led by Colonel Robert B. Potter, and the 51st Pennsylvania, commanded by Colonel James F. Hartranft. They were to charge the arch in double columns so that the men could fan out to left and right after the crossing and still preserve their regimental solidarity. Other regiments would follow in support.

The assault was made successfully. The thin line of graycoated defenders delivered two murderous volleys, then broke and abandoned the ridge as the two-headed mass of Federals swarmed up the wooded heights. The Ninth Corps continued pressing northwestward toward Sharpsburg, while the Confederate right bent at a ninety-degree angle to its former position in an effort to preserve Lee's line. For several hours the fighting between the brigades of Cox and James Longstreet was severe and costly to both sides. The fateful arrival at 3:00 p.m. of A. P. Hill's Light Division brought a slashing attack on Cox's exposed flank. The Ninth Corps was soon forced to retire from the field, and their withdrawal ended the Battle of Sharpsburg.

The editor is indebted to George H. Dimon of Branchville, New Jersey, and to Mrs. Ernest N. Flemming of Utica, New York, co-owners of the journals, for permitting publication of this extract. Grateful acknowledgment is also made to C. A. Porter Hopkins of the Maryland Historical Society for assistance in identifying some of the persons and places mentioned.

September 15, 1862. On Monday, at 12 or one o'clock, we moved leisurely and very hungry down the mountain on the country road to Keedysville and Sharpsburg.¹ I sent off my black boy, Bob, to the farm houses to get some food but, being black, he could get nothing. So I started from the line myself. After riding about a mile, I finally found a good, honest-faced woman, who was baking bread in a brick oven and had just made some butter. I bought a loaf of new, splendid bread and a pound of glorious butter for ten cents. Taking the bread under my arm and the butter rolled up in a cabbage leaf, I galloped back and soon had such an eager crowd around my saddle that I came near losing my own share of the grub.

We marched leisurely on halting by the half-hour at a time, and at night the whole Corps bivouacked in a field in columns of brigades near

¹ Keedysville, a hamlet three miles northeast of Sharpsburg, was a Federal supply depot and hospital center both during and after the battle. At this time Dr. Dimon was attached to the Ninth Corps, Second Division, First Brigade, composed of the 2nd Maryland, 6th New Hampshire, 9th New Hampshire and 48th Pennsylvania Infantry Regiments. The Second Brigade of that division was made up of the 21st Massachusetts, 35th Massachusetts, 51st New York, and 51st Pennsylvania Infantry Regiments.

the Antietam at Portertown.² The center of the field had been ploughed recently in a strip about as wide as a regiment in line would cover. The 2nd was assigned the ploughed strip in front of the column. Duryea flanked his men to the right on to the meadow for the night.³ Colonel Nayler, commanding the Brigade, reproved Duryea for moving his men out of position.⁴ Duryea replied that they had nothing to eat and that they were expecting to fight tomorrow, and he would be damned if his men, having nothing left but sleep, should not have that tonight anyhow. He refused absolutely to obey the order and did not.

Before daylight the next morning, Captain Wilson of the 2nd, a fine, noble-spirited fellow, all of whose brothers were in the army, started off foraging.⁵ He found two stray bullocks and formed a co-partnership with the Quartermaster of the 6th New Hampshire to seize them and have them slaughtered for the two regiments, leaving out the Pennsylvanians for fear the meat would not hold out.⁶ By daylight, the two regiments had stick and fence fires going and were cooking their beef.

Here was a new military offense. Soon after, when General Burnside came up, the general commanding the Brigade met him in front of the 2nd with his report of Duryea's disobedience of orders about the bivouac and the beef plunder. The General was mounted and quite a little party of officers and men gathered about him, partly out of affection and partly out of interest in the quarrel.

On hearing the report, Burnside asked Duryea if he had made his men sleep on that ploughed ground or had taken away their beef. He said, "No, sir, and furthermore I would not have done it if I am to be cashiered for it."

² Portertown was a road junction midway between Sharpsburg and Keedysville.

³ Lt. Col. Jacob Eugene Duryee commanded the 2nd Maryland. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted as a private in the 7th New York Militia and rose to captain in the 5th New York Infantry before assuming command of the 2nd Maryland in September, 1862. He resigned from service three weeks after the Battle of Sharpsburg when Governor Bradford refused to confirm his promotion to colonel because he was not a native Marylander. See *Maryland Historical Magazine*, XII (1917), 42-44. For mention of Duryee's earlier gallantry, see U.S. War Dept., comp., *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington, 1880-1901), Series I, Volume IX, 336-338; XII, pt. 2, 544. Hereafter cited as O.R., with all references being to Series I.

⁴ Dr. Dimon was referring to Brig. Gen. James Nagle, who commanded the First Brigade. Nagle was the first colonel of the 48th Pennsylvania; though he emerged unharmed from the Battle of Sharpsburg, he saw only limited and militia service thereafter.

⁵ The commander of Company F, Capt. Malcolm Wilson, was held in such high esteem by Duryee that he often led detached units of the regiment in action. See *ibid.*, IX, 336-337.

⁶ Owing to recurrent malarial fever, Major Alonzo Nute resigned as Quartermaster of the 6th New Hampshire in March, 1863.

"You are right," said Burnside, "and to be commended for taking care of your men, and nobody but a damned fool can think otherwise." He then turned to the general commanding the Brigade and said, "When I ordered the Corps to bivouac in column of Brigade, I did not suppose any subordinate officer I had did not know enough to take the best advantage he could of the ground assigned to him to make his men as comfortable as possible, and I want it distinctly understood that any officer under my command who does not do this, neglects his plain and imperative duty."⁷

There was a turn in the hills in front of us through which the enemy soon espied us and opened on us with artillery at long range. While they were practicing to get our distance, a ludicrous occurrence or two took place. A mounted orderly with dispatches was crossing the ploughed ground in our front when a shot struck the furrow under the horse's legs, throwing the horse and orderly down. We supposed one, or both, were badly hurt. But up jumped the horse and shook off the dirt and up jumped the man and did the same thing; and then both turned to look where and what had upset them. The reaction on the minds of the men seeing this finale was such as to raise a shout of laughter.

Directly after, a teamster was taking three mules down the road to a brook to water them. He rode one and led the others by halters. Mule fashion, the lead mules hung back, one behind the other, and both behind the rider and his mule till the hindmost one had pulled the rider somewhat over to the rear in keeping his hold on the halter. A round shot struck the ridden mule in the chest, coming out of the rump, and went through both the others killing all three, leaving the rider astride of his mule, bending over and looking at the hindmost one, but still holding at the halter. Here was another laugh at this summary settlement, both of the controversy with the mules and the business of watering them. It was not long now before the enemy had got our distance, and I soon had some other business than laughing at mules and orderlies, in extending my professional services to the wounded.

September 16, 1862. In the course of the forenoon, we were moved to the position in the left wing of the Army we were to occupy in the battle that was before us. Wilson borrowed my horse a short time before we marched to ride over to Hooker's wing on the right to see his brothers.⁸

⁷ Few of the soldiers in the ranks shared Dimon's high regard for Burnside. After the war one artilleryman described him as "a man of fine personal appearance, resonant general orders, windy proclamations, little military prestige, and, if possible, less sense." Augustus Buell, *The Cannoneer* (Washington, 1890), p. 45.

⁸ On the march into Maryland Burnside had commanded the Federal right wing, composed of the corps of Gens. Joseph Hooker and Jesse L. Reno. But when McClellan made his dispositions before Sharpsburg on the night of September 16, Hooker's corps was detached to the extreme right while Burnside was posted on

He rejoined us before we got to our position and said he found one of them and had a very pleasant interview, but all too short.⁹

On the ground where we were stationed were two large straw stacks surrounded by fences to keep off cattle. The posts answered for hitching and, by slanting up the rails on one of the stacks and covering them with straw, I made a comfortable lodging place. Besides, as we were in plain view of the enemy, the stacks were a very acceptable cover. Hardtack and a little whiskey was all we could muster for supper with a promise of some pork for breakfast. I invited Colonel Bob Potter of the 51st New York to share my quarters and get a good night's sleep on the straw.¹⁰ He did so. It rained a little in the night and I did not sleep well. During the night, some hardtack and pork and ammunition was got up for the command. Potter slept like a log and yet tomorrow, if he has his usual luck in battle, it may be his last, although he came off all right at Manassas and Chantilly.

This morning, I wrote a pencil letter to the Governor of Maryland [Augustus W. Bradford], which was endorsed by Duryea, recommending for promotion the sergeant of Company B, and the private who was wounded in the ankle at Manassas and yet continued on duty through the subsequent fighting and marching, the sergeant commanding the company in the absence of all the company officers. The letter was sent off by an express going to the rear with dispatches.

September 17-18, 1862. The sun rose clear and as soon as it was light, the enemy's batteries commenced firing at us. We had some fun with our servants about cooking breakfast. They kept upsetting things from dodging and crouching at every shot. However, we managed to get some pork, hardtack, and hot coffee. I told Bob¹¹ to keep himself and horse behind the stacks till I sent for him.

Very heavy artillery firing commenced on our extreme right, north-

the left with only the Ninth Corps. Some writers maintain that Burnside chafed during the battle at being left "short-handed." See Martin L. Schenck, "Burnside's Bridge," *Civil War History*, II, No. 4 (December, 1956), 10.

⁹ After the war, apparently, Dr. Dimon added the following note to his journal: "Ah it was the last! Wilson was one of four or five brothers, all tall, fine-looking and noble men and all original Union men, natives of Maryland and living in Baltimore, most of them married and with children, and all in the Army as officers, making from captain to colonel. When the riot occurred at Baltimore on the opening of the war, these men armed themselves and stood for the Union. The mob, knowing them, threatened terribly but dared not attack them. Firm and friendly, and brave and cool, modest and earnest, was my friend Wilson."

¹⁰ Col. Robert B. Potter, subsequently promoted to brigadier general, was the divisional commander in the ill-fated assault at the Battle of the Crater (July 30, 1864). He was cited for gallantry at Sharpsburg by his brigade commander, Maj. Gen. Edward Ferrero. *O.R.*, XIX, pt. 1, 448. A wartime photograph of him is in Robert U. Johnson and Clarence C. Buel, eds., *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* (New York, 1884-1887), IV, 558.

¹¹ Dimon's colored body-servant.

westerly from us at an early hour in the morning. We moved forward and to the left about 9 o'clock into some woods. We heard, from time to time, skirmish firing in front of us and bullets and cannon shot were flying about pretty lively. Something about ten, the Brigade filed down a hollow and disappeared in some corn and behind the turn of a hill. I had with me the Assistant Surgeon and ambulance men, some stretchers, etc.¹²

While we were waiting here, having nothing to do but to think of the shells and bullets that were becoming more and more unpleasantly numerous all the while, I found myself getting nervous. After standing it as long as I could, I ordered the Assistant Surgeon to place himself and the men behind the biggest trees he could find and keep everything safe till he received a written order from me—that I was going down to the men to see what was going on.

On the way, I passed the 2nd Brigade in the hollow at rest and, wishing good luck to Potter, I turned the point of the hill and came upon the 2nd Maryland lying in a gulch which, after coming up from the Antietam, made a turn to the right where it afforded a cover for the Regiment. Further to the right, under cover of another hill and in front of us, was Sturgis' staff;¹³ Nagle and the rest of the Brigade were in the cornfields to the left.

Soon a staff officer came for Duryea to go up to the General. He went, and after a short confab, turned to come back. As he did so, I noticed that he buttoned up his blouse. This was a sign that work was now at hand. As Duryea came back, he ordered: "Unslung knapsacks." While the men were getting in order, I asked him what was up. He replied that Sturgis had asked him if he wanted to win a star and that he had said yes.

"Well," Sturgis says, "there is a bridge around the other side of this hill, and the Lieutenant Colonel of the 6th New York thinks his regiment too small to head the assault on it, so I offer it to you."¹⁴

"All right, General," says Duryea, "I'll make a try for that star anyhow."

So he took the head of the Regiment and filed it down the gulch to the river bottom. I followed along.

¹² Assistant Surgeon of the 2nd Maryland was Dr. Silas Scarboro, who served in the regiment until July, 1864.

¹³ Although brevetted for bravery three times during the war, Maj. Gen. Samuel D. Sturgis was an officer around whom much controversy gathered. He succeeded Gen. Nathaniel Lyons as commander of the Federal forces at Wilson's Creek and was severely censured for ordering a retreat. After questionable behavior at the Battle of Brice's Crossroads (June 10, 1864), he spent the remainder of the war "awaiting orders."

¹⁴ Dr. Dimon erred slightly in his recollection of this conversation. The officer and unit to which he referred should have been Col. Simon G. Griffin of the 6th New Hampshire. The 6th New York, never a part of the Army of the Potomac, was at this time on duty in Florida.

As we got to level ground on the border of the stream, the bridge was in sight to the right some two or three hundred yards off. The Regiment flanked off across some ploughed ground towards the bridge, the Colonel at the head, pulling down fences. On the opposite side of the stream, some 100 yards or so off, the bank rose perpendicular some 20 or 30 feet, and had been dug out on that side at the bridge end for the road which came from the right of it. The crest of the opposite bank was fringed with bushes and some willow and other trees also grew there. These bushes concealed from sight the enemy, who were laying there waiting till their fire would tell the best.

I was taking observations for a place for the wounded and noticed a barn built of round poles and covered with thatch just to the left of me, and a pool of good-looking water just in front. I unhitched my tin cup and stooped to take a drink of the water. Just at this instant, the enemy poured in their volley. It had seemed comparatively still before that, but now it seemed as if all the noises in the world had broken out at once. The batteries were pretty close down on both sides and they all opened. I noticed some splendid practice of our batteries, their shells bursting just at the willows and limbs of them dropping into the stream, cut off by their fragments. There were a few loose men standing near me, coming from where I do not know, perhaps skirmishes. I sent them to the barn with directions if it had straw or hay in it, to pile that up against the poles and the front door towards the creek to make a barricade of it against bullets and cover for the wounded, and to take along all the water from the pool their canteens would hold.

The Regiment still moving by flank, and at this time all alone, was stopped to throw down the fence on the other side of the field. Duryea had just thrown down the last rail and, as he looked back, he saw the Regiment shrinking and elbowing out under this tremendous fire and just ready to break. The ploughed furrows were thickly dotted with fallen men when down the line came his peculiar-keyed voice which could be, and was, heard through all that infernal noise. "What the hell you doing there? Straighten that line there, forward." The line straightened, like straightening your arm, and on it went for the bridge.

I was now busy getting the wounded to the barn, but learned afterwards that he could not get to the bridge and have any men left. So, about 30 or 40 yards from it, he halted and faced his men and they commenced returning the enemy's fire. To finish this account, the 6th New Hampshire was soon after got up and took position *en echelon* opposite the bridge, with the 48th Pennsylvania on the left of the 2nd Maryland and the 9th New Hampshire further to the left.

My barn had behind it some cornfields and double doors opening out to them. While I was busy there cutting off the shattered leg of the same

Captain who had run from Manassas,¹⁵ I heard some of the only music I ever heard in battle, except bullets whistling and shells singing, and that was some awful swearing. I looked up and there was Sturgis, mounted and swearing at the Lieutenant Colonel commanding a regiment.

"God damn you to hell, sir, don't you understand the English language? I ordered you to advance in line and support the 2nd Maryland, and what in hell are you doing flanking around in this corn, etc., etc.?" The 48th, soon after this, got down in front of the barn.¹⁶

My barn was crammed very soon and Dr. Reber of the 48th Pennsylvania, a good surgeon and plucky and cool, came in to help me.¹⁷ A singular thing happened here. Our amputating table consisted of a small door mounted on two barrels. I had just severed the Captain's leg above spoken of, and I had an artery of the stump in a pair of forceps, and Reber was adjusting the ligature on it, when two fragments of one of the numerous shells that were bursting over and coming through our thatched roof came down between our heads and hands and the stump, without touching anything, and plunged into the blood and straw at our feet. (Reber afterwards hunted them out and washed them, and we each kept one as a memento of Burnside's Bridge.) The men I sent up in the beginning found the barn filled with straw in bundles and made a very good barricade against bullets from the front but, of course, all large missiles would come through above. Fortunately, no shell burst in the barn and it did not take fire.

One man was brought in who was in an uncontrollably restless state, constantly throwing himself about unconsciously onto others lying beside him. I had to strip him and wash him, for he was covered with faeces, to find his wound, when, behold, he had no wound discoverable, and no bone broken and yet he looked as he was dying. Stimulants had no effect and he died in half an hour. This was, doubtless, one of those cases that used to be called "windage." He was doubtless struck on the chest or over the liver or abdomen very obliquely by a cannon shot which, though it does not tear the clothes or show marks upon the skin, yet the parts underneath are found in a state of disintegration.

¹⁵ This wounded officer was probably Capt. James A. Martin of Company E. Records show that he was wounded August 29 at Second Manassas, injured again at Sharpsburg, and died October 15, 1862. Other than Wilson, he is the only captain who died as a result of the battle.

¹⁶ The commander in question was Lt. Col. Joshua K. Sigfried of the 48th Pennsylvania. Promoted to colonel after Sharpsburg, he commanded a brigade of Negro troops at the Battle of the Crater. The tunnel that brought on the engagement was dug by his old regiment. See *O.R.*, XI, pt. 1, 596-597.

¹⁷ Dr. Charles F. Reber was commended by Nagle for his devotion to duty at Sharpsburg. *Ibid.*, XIX, pt. 1, 447. He continued as surgeon of the 48th until February, 1863.

In the midst of the row Dr. Cutter rode down to our barn to see how we were getting along.¹⁸ I asked him if we should keep the wounded here or move them as soon as we could to the rear out of cannon shot. He said he could give no orders for, since Reno's death,¹⁹ he had no position—Wilcox²⁰ bringing in his own surgeon as Corps Director and Sturgis has his, so that he seemed to be out of position. I felt sorry for him. (He soon after resigned, I understood.)

By the way, I should have said that our Captain, after getting over the chloroform and finding his leg off all right, said, "Now when I get back to Baltimore, if anybody says I was a coward, I can tell them that if they will go where I was and stay as long as I did, they may call me a coward and welcome." (He never got back to Baltimore, but died in General Hospital at Frederick City.)

I sent one of the men at the pool with a note back to the Assistant Surgeon for my instruments and dressings, first telling him he had better wait where he was with the men and stretchers till it was settled whether we had carried the bridge. The man did his duty faithfully and returned through the cornfield in a few minutes with what I sent for. The action, so far as we were concerned, began about 11 A.M., for I was looking at my watch just before I went down and it was then just 11. About two, as we had finished dressing all in the barn and provided for them as well as we could, I went out to look around. The firing had held up in our vicinity and gone over the other side of the river.

On going towards the bridge, I saw bad signs for the 2nd. There were dead men all along the row and up at the head lay the Adjutant and numbers of others.²¹ Just behind was a farm road and in this I found what was left of it resting. (The Assistant Surgeon had joined the Regiment and was busy looking after those who had been taken up the farm lane, and not brought to the barn.) My friend, Captain Wilson, was killed, a cannon shot striking him in the forehead and carrying away all the top

¹⁸ As Division Surgeon in the army, Dr. Calvin Cutter proved himself a conscientious and devoted officer. At Fredericksburg he was blown off his horse by Confederate fire but resumed his duties with an unperturbed countenance. *Ibid.*, XXI, 326. See also *ibid.*, IX, 102, 229.

¹⁹ Maj. Gen. Jesse Reno, commanding the Ninth Corps, was killed at the Battle of South Mountain (September 14) while making a sunset reconnaissance.

²⁰ Commander of the First Division of the Ninth Corps, Maj. Gen. Orlando B. Wilcox soon thereafter assumed leadership of the corps and directed it through Appomattox.

²¹ First Lt. and Adj. Thomas L. Matthews was wounded slightly in the battle and soon returned to duty. For his war record, as well as those of the officers of the 2nd Maryland, see *History and Roster of Maryland Volunteers, War of 1861-65* (Baltimore, 1898), I, 73. While initial reports placed losses in the regiment at 5 killed, 59 wounded and 3 missing, postbattle deaths altered the figures to 20 killed and 47 wounded—the highest casualties in Nagle's brigade. *O.R.*, XIX, pt. 1, 197; *Maryland Historical Magazine*, XII (1917), 45.

of his head. There were 400 in line that morning, and 150 had been killed and wounded. Duryea and Howard escaped without a hit.²² The troops were all over the river and I now learned how it was.

Our 2nd Brigade, 51st Pennsylvania, leading in columns of platoons followed by the 51st New York, 21st Massachusetts and 35th Massachusetts had charged down behind our first Brigade ranks through the opening between the 2nd Maryland and the 6th New Hampshire. Covered by the fire of our line till they struck the opening, they went on to the bridge on a run—the 51st Pennsylvania getting jammed and confused here under the heavy fire.²³ Potter jumped on the parapet and urged on his men to push on over and through the Pennsylvanians, swearing a little, of course, and away they went, the Pennsylvanians to the right and the New Yorkers to the left as soon as they passed the bridge.²⁴ This brought Potter out on top of the bank right on the rear of a Georgia Regiment who had been all the while hitherto shooting down our men. It didn't take a minute for Potter to halt and face his men and give the Georgians a close and well aimed volley. I saw them afterwards, lying there in regular rank, the commanding officer five paces behind the color guard.²⁵

The bridge being carried, the stream was forded above and below, and the whole wing crossed to the opposite bank, and up the slope beyond it. Here Lt. Colonel Anderson and the 9th New York had their chance.²⁶ His Division was pushed to the front to relieve the first line

²² Major (later Lt. Col.) Henry Howard, Jr., succeeded Duryea as commander of the 2nd Maryland. He died of wounds received while leading the regiment in the Battle of the Crater.

²³ Of the assault by the 51st New York and 51st Pennsylvania, Sturgis wrote: "They started on their mission of death full of enthusiasm, and taking a route less exposed than the regiments which had made the effort before them, rushed at a double-quick over the slope leading to the bridge and over the bridge itself with an impetuosity which the enemy could not resist, and the Stars and Stripes were planted on the opposite bank at 1 o'clock p.m., amid the most enthusiastic cheering from every part of the field from where they could be seen." O.R., XIX, pt. 1, 444.

²⁴ At the bridge Col. Hartranft, waving his hat above his head, was heard to call out hoarsely to his 51st Pennsylvania: "Come on boys, for I can't haloo any more!" Thomas H. Parker, *History of the 51st Regiment of P. V. and V. V.* (Philadelphia, 1869), p. 235. Another officer wrote that this unit was "as brave a regiment, with as brave a Colonel, as ever existed." Jay Gould, *The Story of the Forty-Eighth* (Philadelphia, 1908), p. 89.

²⁵ What Dr. Dimon beheld were the dead of the 2nd Georgia, which, with the 20th Georgia, bore the brunt of the Federal assault. Lt. Col. William R. Holmes, commanding the 2nd, was killed while defending his position. O.R., XIX, pt. 1, 892.

²⁶ At this time the 9th New York ("Hawkins' Zouaves") were under the command of Lt. Col. Edgar A. Kimball, who succeeded the unit's founder, Col. Rush C. Hawkins. The only officer on the field to whom Dr. Dimon could possibly have referred was Lt. Col. Robert Anderson, who commanded the 9th Pennsylvania Reserves and led a brigade in General George G. Meade's division during the fighting on the extreme Federal right. See *ibid.*, 171-172, 269-270.

whose cartridge boxes were nearly empty, and he got his order to charge a six-gun battery covered by a regiment. The charge had to be made up a slope in a clover field, but away they went with a hurrah, receiving the canister from the guns and the bullets from the muskets without breaking their run. They took the battery and kept it; these six-guns were just half of all the artillery captured both at South Mountain and in this battle by the whole army.²⁷ They lost 200 men in about two or three minutes.²⁸

As my log barn was within easy cannon range of Lee's hill, where the enemy had numerous batteries, an order came from somebody to have the wounded here all moved to the rear. Ambulances coming down and stretchers—I sent them all off by 3 o'clock. Having no further duty assigned me and the Regiment being relieved from any further active duty this afternoon, I went up to the straw stacks to find Bob and get something to eat. Found Bob there with the horse. I then concluded to ride back to the rear and see how our men were disposed, and if they had proper care in the places they were sheltered in. Rode back to Big Springs telling Bob to follow on after; this was some 1½ to 2 miles.²⁹ As I was going down the hill to the Springs, I saw Couch's Division coming up in a field to the right of me as I have stated before.³⁰

At the Springs, I learned that some distance further on there was a party of wounded with no surgeon and no supplies. So I went on there and found a house full of wounded and that more were likely to arrive. There was a large barn attached to the house (Millard's), and opposite another house.³¹ Some stragglers, calling themselves sick, with an am-

²⁷ The assault by the 9th New York against the Confederate battery of Major David G. McIntosh was one of the most determined and courageous of the war. As the New Yorkers, resplendent in their bright red Zouave trousers, surged across the field, seven colorbearers were killed as each picked up the flag. Finally, Capt. Adolph Libaire of Company E grabbed the standard, waved it vigorously over his head and shouted at his crouching troops: "Up damn you, and forward!" For his conduct in the charge, Libaire was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. Matthew J. Graham, *The Ninth Regiment, New York Volunteers* (New York, 1900), pp. 295-296, 596.

²⁸ While losses in the 9th New York have been variously placed at between 240 and 350 men, most sources estimate its casualties as 64 per cent of its complement. See *ibid.*, p. 327; J. H. E. Whitney, *The Hawkins Zouaves: Their Battles and Marches* (New York, 1866), pp. 149-150.

²⁹ Belinda, or "Big," Springs was downstream from Burnside's Bridge and a few hundred yards inland from a V-shaped bend in the creek.

³⁰ Dr. Dimon could not have seen the division of Maj. Gen. Darius N. Couch, since that unit was a part of Franklin's Sixth Corps on the extreme right. Evidently the physician meant to say Maj. Gen. Jacob D. Cox's Kinawha Division, under the temporary command of Col. Eliakim Scammon. This unit was composed of six Ohio regiments, one of which (23rd Ohio) was led by Lt. Col. Rutherford B. Hayes.

³¹ The home in question was probably the residence of J. F. Miller, which lay not more than a mile east of the Bridge, and which included several outbuildings. See *The Official Atlas of the Civil War* (New York, 1958), Plate XXVIII, Map 6.

bulance, were occupying the barn and making themselves comfortable.

I fixed my quarters at the small house above the road, taking one front room for an office and the other for wounded, and arranged with the family to cook for us there. I routed the stragglers out of the barn and got it ready for wounded, sent the ambulance down to the front for service, and assigned some of the best looking of those who had come down with the wounded to regular duty as nurses and cooks and dressed such wounds as I found unattended to.

There were quite a number here of the 35th Massachusetts, including some officers, and soon some more were brought in, among others a fat lieutenant who was in great agony.³² I found that he had one wound in the leg and that his friends had twisted his handkerchief with a stick around his thigh, to stop bleeding, so tightly that it was giving him great pain. I relieved him from that nonsense at once, and had him undressed and sponged and in a good bed, with his hits all linted and dressed. He had been wounded in some four or five places, but they were all flesh, or rather fat wounds, and none dangerous.

He was a good fellow, but very anxious and when I told him he had got numerous very honorable marks but was safe to get well without being maimed or shattered in constitution, and might get a furlough and go home in two or three weeks, he became very jolly. "Oh," said he, "isn't this rich! Only a month away from home and back there again with wounds; got in a big battle, and victory; and all the girls running after me, and all the fellows envious."

I mustered a couple of lanterns for the barn, and bestowed the wounded there as they arrived, giving them such attention as they needed and as my resources permitted. After going the rounds to see that everything was as well as might be, I got to bed—in a regular bed—about 12.

Early next morning, as soon as it was light, I took our ambulance driver, who had come up in the night with an extra horse, and rode to the front to find Dr. Church of Burnside's staff, Chief Director of our wing, to obtain orders for some definite duty.³³ I soon found him making an inspection of the situation and reported what I had done. He approved and told me to go on to the Regiment, find my Assistant Surgeon

³² The 35th Massachusetts sustained the highest losses in Sturgis's division with 13 men killed, 195 wounded and 6 missing. *O.R.*, XIX, pt. 1, 197. Prior to the Battle of Sharpsburg this unit had been on active duty only twenty-eight days, and its casualties in this campaign totaled 267 men killed or disabled. P. C. Headley, *Massachusetts in the Rebellion* (Boston, 1886), pp. 370-372. The wounded officer was Lt. (later Capt.) James H. Baldwin of Company D. See *History of the Thirty-fifth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, 1862-1865* (Boston, 1884), pp. 42, Appendix p. 28.

³³ Surgeon William H. Church served with Burnside through the 1864 Knoxville Campaign.

and direct him to keep with the Regiment; I was to return and take charge of the Millard Redhouse Hospital, as it was agreed to call it, he making a note of the station and authorizing me to make requisition for what I needed and keep the ambulance for hospital use. He turned over to me two kegs of good whiskey out of a lot which had been captured.

As I knew our boys were short of rations and coffee, I concluded I would take one keg down to them. So I had the driver take it on his horse and we set out for the front. We rode over the now-celebrated bridge and up the slope on the other side and soon came across General Nagle and staff encamped behind a spur of a hill.

On inquiring for the 2nd, they were pointed out on the skirmish line in some cornfields. They inquired about my keg and I told them it was ammunition. I soon found Duryea and arranged for serving out the whiskey ration. The men were relieved in squads and came to a stump on which I mounted the keg and gave them all a good drink in turn, and told them about their wounded comrades.

All this time, there was a constant spitting of shots between the lines of skirmishers, and I thought I would go into the corn and see what the prospect was. It was lucky for one poor fellow that I did, for I found him lying where he had fallen the evening before, a soldier from an Ohio regiment with his leg broken by [a] minnie [ball]. I soon had a stretcher up there and a couple of men to carry him down. As we passed Nagle and his staff, this time without the keg and with something rather more appropriate to my official character, there was no more laughing on those back seats, but very respectful inquiries about the state of things on the line.

While the men were drinking their whiskey, I heard a couple of them talking in a way that shows something of the difference between soldiers under fire. One of them says to the other, "Jim, did you notice that Reb who was firing at us particularly yesterday?" "No," says Jim. "Well, I did," says the other, "and I fetched him. I knew he was drawing for you and me for twice a bullet came zip, first by my left ear and next close to your right and, says I to myself, some fellow over there fired both those shots and he is sighting for us. So I watched for a puff about where I thought was the right spot and sure enough, I saw a Reb loading again right there. That third ball just passed my shoulder when I drew for him, and down he went, and there were no more of those particular kind of balls after that."

Some men keep cool and fire deliberately, never wasting their ammunition, but most of them get excited. They drop their cartridges, they load and forget to cap their pieces and get half a dozen rounds into their muskets thinking they have fired them off. Most of them just load and fire without any consciousness of shooting at anything in particular.

As I rode back over the bridge, I met General Burnside and saluted

him, and gave him the little news I had from the skirmish line, which seemed to me to indicate that the enemy were firing not so much as if they were about to do anything themselves, as to show us that they were wide awake if we should undertake anything.

The General looked very sadly at the heaps of dead about the bridge, which were yet unburied, as it was thought we should fight again today to finish the matter and no burial parties could be spared yet. Come to look at that narrow bridge and the bank on the opposite side which had been lined with the enemy, and take into account the artillery that was playing on it, it did seem wonderful how the boys ever got over there.

The General said, "I thought if anybody could do this, it must be my old North Carolina Divisions."³⁴ I told him Reno's Division did it by the two brigades helping one another, the first making a firing line along the bank and the second charging the bridge between the 2nd Maryland and the 6th New Hampshire. "So it seems," he said, "from the regimental numbers on the men's caps as they lie here."

I hurried back with my ambulance driver to the "Red House," not forgetting to send on the other keg of whiskey. As this was my first regular field hospital, I will tell how it was organized. In the first place, there was nothing detailed for me to begin with and I had to form everything from the foundation.³⁵ The first thing was, I found I must have power to control all acting under my orders. So, out of the stragglers, I picked up in the vicinity, I organized a guard with a corporal at its head and divided it into reliefs and stationed them where I wanted them.

The next thing was supplies and cooks and nurses. I started the driver with the ambulance with the requisitions for what I wanted to Keedysville. I picked out a sufficient number of cooks and directed the preparation of food and coffee, furnishing an adequate quantity of supplies for one day's rations at a time. I then divided the nurses into reliefs, assigning each one a given number of the wounded to take care of, and fixed the relief roll for each. These were all made up of stragglers picked up on the road, my guard halting and taking possession of all passers till I filled my quota.

I had 147 wounded in three buildings. These were now to be thoroughly examined, have fresh and clean dressings, and all the premises carefully policed; and those who required operations to be noted, and the time fixed for doing them.

On going the rounds to inspect after dinner, I found one or two of the

³⁴ Burnside's allusions were to the troops who served under him in the Roanoke Island-New Bern, North Carolina, campaign earlier in the year.

³⁵ Owing to the fact that all other surgeons had been detailed for duty elsewhere, Duryee later wrote, "great responsibilities fell on the shoulders of Surgeon Dimon who did all a man could do for the suffering men." *Maryland Historical Magazine*, XII (1917), 43.

cooks and nurses had been wilfully negligent of their duty to the wounded and were making themselves very comfortable out of the stimulants provided for the wounded. There was an orchard of apple trees convenient. I ordered the corporal of the guard to arrest these men and one of his guards also, who had joined them, and tie them up by their thumbs to the apple tree limbs, so that their toes would just touch the ground, and to keep them there till they were satisfied they had to do just what they were ordered and be faithful to their duties, or it would be the worse for them. For a day or two, I had some apple tree suspensions and after that everything went smoothly.

Dr. Dimon painted even more vivid pictures of the battle and of his medical duties in the following letter to his wife, written a week after Sharpsburg.

Field hospital for wounded
Near Keedysville, Md.
Sept. 25, 1862

My dear wife:

I received yesterday two letters from you (of Sept 6 was the last date) much to my joy.

I am slowly travelling through the disposal of and provision for 140 poor fellows under my care here. Surgery, surgery, surgery. Food, food, food. Nurses, nurses, nurses. Cooks that get drunk. Everybody employed looking out for No. 1; nobody caring for anybody else. Surgeons come here to get me to take care of their sick, not knowing or caring to do anything but shirk them off on to me, in addition to my other cases; and when I refuse asking and arguing about what shall they do with them!

Oh, the incompetencies and pay-drawers in this army is enough to ruin any nation. More than half the time I have been sick since I have been here, but I am now thoroughly well.

I came here and in two log houses and a barn the Medical Director had deposited 140 wounded on the bare floors. They had not even straw under them. There was not a cook, nurses or anything for them, and no provisions, dressings or anything else. The next day he got a furlough to go to Staten Island with his wounded brother-in-law. Well, I seized upon stragglers, orchard thieves and anything, and made a guard of six men; gave them muskets. I then detailed out of the rest 5 cooks, 12 nurses and got my own steward. I got a broken ambulance and sent it off after dressings, medicines, food and candles. Then went to work at the wounds, making a register between whiles. And arresting nurses, cooks, and general thieves and substituting others in their places; answering 40,000 questions from everybody meanwhile.

This began with me on Thursday. On Sunday I rode up 6 miles to Dr. Church and got his promise of good report and an assistant, who arrived on Sunday one A. M. and proved a trump, and a real assistant. He is a regular. His name is Dr. Krane or Crain from Herkimer County.³⁶ You may know his friends. I should have just gone over without him, for that night I was very sick with an exhausting diarrhea and next day could hardly keep about. He is with me still. Yesterday, by filling up with quinine, I got well again.

Now things go smoothly and well. I have done all the operations needed, got everyone on bed sacks or clean straw, have lime scattered all around, daily changes of every dirty thing about. The nurses think I am a savage I suppose, for if they neglect anything I arrest the one at fault and send him off to the Provost Marshal.

You have no idea of the labor and bother of organizing out of nothing all the mere necessities for the care of wounded at a moment's notice, with nothing at hand and not knowing where to get it. I rode 14 miles to find out where I could get food. Directed to this headquarters, and that headquarters, etc., etc. And all because the Medical Director was on his way to Staten Island with one wounded man.

But enough of this. Now it is over. I like to gossip about it.

Besides fingers and toes I have made eleven amputations here of legs, thighs, forearms, arms and at shoulder joint. The minnie ball striking a bone does not permit much debate about amputation. It is more destructive than small grape, for it flattens up and then comminutes the bone and drives the fragments into the neighboring soft parts.

We have had three deaths, two from minnie[s] shot through the lungs, and one poor fellow from the 2nd Maryland from tetanus the third day after I cut off his arm. He was worn out with all the hard service in Virginia—night marches, half rations, even sleeping in the rain without blankets after Manassas, and his nervous system would not stand any more. The 2nd Maryland had some good soldiers in it. These boys just stood to be shot down, never leaving ranks, keeping the ground they were ordered to cover when the last cartridge was fired, and their bayonets were of no use, because they could not cross the narrow but deep creek from behind while the Secesh were firing at them.³⁷

The rest of the wounded are doing well except a few shot through the lungs. I have sent off to General Hospital at Frederick City, as I could get transportation, nearly half of those here. The worst cases re-

³⁶ Dr. William B. Crain spent several months on detached duty with the 2nd Maryland.

³⁷ In his official report Nagle stated: "The Second Maryland and Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers were placed in a perilous position near the bridge, and are entitled to commendation for their soldier-like bearing and bravery displayed." *O.R.*, XIX, pt. 1, 447.

main, and I shall be able to do well for them as soon as a memorandum (which I have just stopped to sign) for the Sanitary Commission is filled.

You wanted to know all about me and now you have got enough I presume, and more too. I have at last got room in the house I stay in to turn around. During the day I dress wounds, draw rations, look after cleaning up everything, see to serving out food, etc., etc., and make records of everything done. During the evening and night I make out some of the thousand reports necessary to be made to various quarters of the army. Last night at eleven o'clock after three hours of writing of names, regiment, company, rank, wounds, when received, how treated, etc., etc., I went to bed and for the first time in a month I dreamed of home and you. I hope the dream will come true.

Your loving husband,
Theodore

THE PRINCE CONSORT, "THE TIMES," AND THE "TRENT" AFFAIR

Norman B. Ferris

THE FIRST AND PROBABLY the most serious diplomatic crisis of the American Civil War was the "Trent" Affair. On November 8, 1861, Confederate Commissioners James M. Mason and John Slidell were taken forcibly from the British mail packet "Trent" in the Bahama Channel and transferred aboard the United States warship "San Jacinto" commanded by Captain Charles Wilkes. The first news of the seizure reached England on November 27. Within twenty-four hours Englishmen seethed with resentment and indignation.¹ Prime Minister Palmerston hurriedly summoned a cabinet council and, meeting on the following afternoon, the ministers heard the opinion of the law officers of the crown that Her Majesty's government would "be justified in requiring reparation for the international wrong which has been on this occasion committed."² A day later the ministers called upon Lord John Russell, the foreign minister, and drew up instructions to Lord Lyons, British minister in Washington, directing "that the Washington Government should be told that what has been done is a violation of international law, and of the rights of Great Britain, and that [Her] Majesty's Government trust that the act will be disavowed and the prisoners set free and restored to British protection; and that . . . if this demand is refused he [Lord Lyons] should retire from the United States."³ The cabinet met a third time on November 30 and approved Russell's draft of a dispatch to Lyons which recited what appeared to be the facts of the case and stated: "We could not but suppose that the American government would of itself be desirous to afford us reparation, and said that in any case we must have (1) the

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¹ Donaldson Jordan and Edwin J. Pratt, *Europe and the American Civil War* (Boston, 1931), p. 29.

² J. P. Baxter, III, ed., "Papers Relating to Belligerent and Neutral Rights, 1861-1865," *American Historical Review*, XXXIV (1928), 87.

³ A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher, eds., *The Letters of Queen Victoria: First Series* (London, 1907), III, 595-596.

commissioners returned to British protection; and (2) an apology or expression of regret." A second dispatch instructed Lyons to remove himself to London within seven days if the British demands were not met.⁴

Off to Windsor went the drafts for the Queen's approval. It was evening when they arrived at the Castle, and the Queen, immersed in the routine of a royal dinner party, paid no heed to Russell's suggestion that he would "be glad to have your Majesty's opinion on the draft . . . without loss of time," in order to get Lyons' dispatches aboard the evening mail packet to America. The drafts were apparently laid aside until some time later in the night, when they were picked up by the Prince Consort, who was already gripped by the illness that was in another two weeks to end his life. According to his official biographer, they "doubtless occupied much of the Prince's thoughts, in the long hours of the winter morning, when he found sleep impossible."⁵ Before eight o'clock Prince Albert completed a memorandum on the subject of the dispatches, which he then took to the Queen. Traces of the Prince's mortal illness are alleged by his biographer to be evident in his handwriting; it was at all events the last such document that he ever wrote.⁶

The Queen modified the Prince's memorandum slightly in phraseology, but not at all in essential meaning. She then sent it to the cabinet, where Palmerston approved the suggestions contained in it for a fuller and considerably more temperate treatment of the subject.⁷ What was substantially Prince Albert's memorandum, prefaced by a statement of the facts about the seizure as then understood in London, formed the basis of the British note to Washington. Moreover, the Prince's obviously pacific proclivities (as transmitted via the Queen) were probably a determining factor in impelling Russell to dash off a private note to Lyons advising him to use the greatest tact and forbearance in presenting the British position to the American secretary of state.⁸

The Prince's main purpose in writing the memorandum apparently had been to convey to the ministers the wish that the American government should be given the opportunity to deny authorizing Captain Wilkes' act and thereby be able to give up the prisoners without an unacceptable loss of dignity. At the same time the British government had to

⁴ John Morley, *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone* (New York, 1903), II, 73-74. This summary is the nearest thing to the actual drafts that has been found.

⁵ Benson and Esher, *Letters of Queen Victoria*, III, 597; Theodore Martin, *Life of the Prince Consort* (London, 1880), V, 421.

⁶ *Ibid.*, Benson and Esher, *Letters of Queen Victoria*, III, 597.

⁷ Martin, *Life of the Prince Consort*, V, 422.

⁸ U.S. War Dept., comp., *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies* (Washington, 1894-1927), Series I, 159-160, 192.

make the demand; in the current violent state of public opinion in England anything less would probably have caused the fall of Palmerston's precariously balanced ministry. In removing from the original draft of the dispatch all offensive expressions and at the same time providing the United States government with an opportunity to retreat gracefully from an untenable position, while yet retaining language strong enough to satisfy the British public, the Prince, with the Queen's concurrence, vitally affected the ultimate issue. Secretary Seward's initial reaction to the British note shows this clearly. On December 19, when Lyons went to see Seward to acquaint him with the contents of the dispatch, the latter cautioned frankly that much "depended on the wording of it"; hence Lyons let Seward have a private copy two days in advance of the official presentation. This done, Lyons had hardly returned to the British legation when Seward paid him a visit. "He told me he was pleased to find that the Despatch was courteous and friendly, and not dictatorial or menacing."⁹ The American government was thus able to consider the question on its merits, with no complicating supercilious or threatening attitude on the British side. Considered in this light, how the question was to be dealt with could not long remain in doubt. Two days after Christmas Seward informed Lyons that the prisoners would be given up. The crisis was over. There was to be no war.

By this time the Prince Consort was dead. In the century since his death the impression created by his biographer of a calm and judicious statesman acting at the critical moment to provide the basis for a preservation of peace has found uniform acceptance among historians.¹⁰ To the extent that he did act, the Prince deserves all credit; but to the extent that the wisdom of his policy might have been initiated in another quarter, credit should be bestowed elsewhere. The editorials of *The Times* of London for November 29-30, 1861, outlined a policy that the Prince may well have borrowed in drawing up his fateful memorandum. This can be seen by comparing the Prince's memorandum with *The Times's* editorials for this two-day period. The Prince believed that "everybody reads *The Times* and forms their opinion upon it." He himself read it assiduously, and it would appear that it had previously influenced him (although not always in favor of its point of view) on more than one previous occasion.¹¹

⁹ Lord Newton, *Lord Lyons: A Record of British Diplomacy* (London, 1913), I, 65-66.

¹⁰ For example, see Ephraim D. Adams, *Great Britain and the American Civil War* (New York, 1925), I, 213; Thomas A. Bailey, *A Diplomatic History of the American People* (New York, 1946), pp. 354-355; Thomas L. Harris, *The Trent Affair* (Indianapolis, 1896), pp. 165-166.

¹¹ Martin, *Life of the Prince Consort*, V, 229; Sir Edward Cook, *Deane of the Times* (New York, 1916), p. 143.

When news of the "Trent" incident broke in England, practically every important newspaper beat the drums of war.¹² *The Times* constituted the only notable exception. Although within the week it was also to become violently belligerent in its attitude toward the United States as it fell in belatedly with the popular trend, *The Times* took a cautious and moderate stand. It warned editorially of "the responsibility of discussing a question like this." It pointed out that "our first duty is to calm—certainly not to inflame—the general indignation which will be felt in these islands as the news is told."¹³

But while "The Thunderer" for once spoke soothing words, the British public fumed in unbounded wrath. One American resident of London wrote home in horror: "There never was within memory such a burst of feeling. . . . The people are frantic with rage, and were the country polled, I fear 999 men out of a thousand would declare for war."¹⁴ *Punch's* John Bull warned Brother Jonathan: "You do what's right my son, or I'll blow you out of the water."¹⁵ Even the most ardent friend of the North in the British cabinet, Lord Argyll, wrote indignantly of "this wretched piece of American folly. . . . I am all against submitting. . . ."¹⁶ Meanwhile Palmerston roared to the cabinet that he was "damned" if he would stand for the insult.¹⁷ Apparently the cabinet members agreed, for all approved Russell's rather harshly worded draft instructions to Lyons.

If any prominent Englishmen besides *The Times's* editorial writer showed calmness and restraint toward the United States during the seventy-two hours prior to the early morning of December 1, no record of it remains. Yet when the Prince Consort wrote out his "softening" memorandum suggesting (in the Queen's name) that basic alterations be made in Russell's inflammatory ultimatum, the arguments that found their way onto the paper were familiar. On November 30 *The Times* had held out the hope that "there is a possibility that the seizure was the act of the American commander, and was not expressly directed by his Government." The Prince Consort, in expressing the same hope "that the American Cptn did not act under instructions or, if he had any, that he acted under a misapprehension of them," eventually provided the American government with the only way by which they could have returned the prisoners and still have maintained the national honor. *The*

¹² John Bigelow, *Retrospections of an Active Life* (New York, 1909), I, 384.

¹³ *The Times* of London, November 28, 1861.

¹⁴ Charles F. Adams, Jr., "The Trent Affair," *Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings*, XLV (1911), 43n.

¹⁵ *Punch*, XLI (1861), 229.

¹⁶ Adams, *Great Britain and the American Civil War*, I, 212.

¹⁷ Allan Nevins, *The War for the Union: The Improvised War, 1861-1862* (New York, 1959), p. 388.

Times had asserted that "we cannot yet believe . . . that it is the fixed determination of the Government of the Northern States to force a quarrel upon the Powers of Europe." The Prince stated the same belief in nearly the same terms: "H. M.'s Govt are unwilling to believe, that the U.S. Gt intended wantonly to put an insult upon this country . . . by forcing a quarrel upon us." *The Times* had spoken of "our unwillingness . . . to take any part in their unhappy quarrel"; the Prince echoed this sentiment by furnishing an assurance that the British government had no desire "to add to many distressing complications of their situation." And finally, *The Times* (before the cabinet meeting that resulted in the drafts which went to Windsor) had pointed out that "but one reparation is adequate to the affront. [The men] must be restored with a sufficient apology." The United States government, wrote the Prince in like language, must "offer redress as alone could satisfy this country viz: the restoration of the unfortunate passengers & a suitable apology."¹⁸

Apparently the resemblance between the Prince's suggestions and *The Times's* editorial statements has gone unnoticed. Arthur Dasent, biographer of *The Times's* editor, has written: "Had it not been for the tact and good sense of the Prince Consort . . . America would almost certainly have gone to war with the Mother Country." He does not mention any possibility that *The Times* might have influenced the action of the British government with respect to the key despatch to Lyons.¹⁹ The official history of *The Times* nowhere suggests that the Prince might have derived his position from that newspaper.²⁰ Other authorities are likewise bare of any hint of correlation between the Prince's memorandum and *The Times's* editorial page. Yet the ironic possibility does exist that at least partial credit for the ultimate preservation of the American Union should be assigned to the momentary influence on one man's mind of two or three editorials written in a newspaper that, for most of the Civil War period, maintained a decidedly pro-Confederate attitude and continually deprecated the possibility of reunion between North and South.

¹⁸ Martin, *Life of the Prince Consort*, V, 422-423; *The Times*, November 29-30, 1861.

¹⁹ Arthur Dasent, *John Thadeus Delane, Editor of "The Times": His Life and Correspondence* (London, 1908), II, 35-37.

²⁰ *The History of the Times: The Tradition Established, 1841-1884* (London, 1939), II, 372.

BAMPSON OF BAMPSON'S LEGION: AN INFORMAL STUDY OF CONFEDERATE COMMAND

Matthew Hodgson

IF THE ELECTION OF James K. Polk to the presidency in 1844 insured that Texas would join the Union, then the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 made it no less certain that she would leave it.

Following the lead of South Carolina and the states early to secede, Texas called a convention, which, in Austin on February 2, 1861, passed an Ordinance of Secession, providing for an election on the 23rd at which Texas would ratify it. And on this date, amid scenes of wild enthusiasm, the people of the Lone Star State cast their lot with the Southern Confederacy.

Texas' military contributions to the South have been much chronicled, particularly those commanders and their gray-clad brigades who served with such valor and distinction with the Armies of Tennessee and Northern Virginia. Less marked, however, has been the attention of Civil War specialists to those doughty personages who confined their bellicose exertions to Texas and the Confederate West. We do know a little of Tom Green and his improbable horse marines, victors over a Union fleet at Galveston Bay. We know something more about John Baylor and his picturesque "Babes," who, having relieved the beleaguered city of Tucson of Apache menace, substituted for the torments of the tomahawker those of the tax collector.

But who is conversant with the life, and more especially, the martial career of Alpheus Tuesday Bampson? Or of the 9th Texas Partisan Rangers—the famous "Bampson's Legion?" What scholar has penetrated the clouds of time or the attics of Austin to illumine Major Bampson's oblique role in the early battles of Valverde and Glorietta Pass? Who has

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done the historical spadework needed to identify the Texas Colonel whom General Dick Taylor espied seated on a blanket playing a game of mote with some privates, and using marked cards, at that, if one is to believe Xavier DeBray's *History of the 9th Texas*?¹

And who can relate, with that historical finality so prevalent nowadays, the gallant Bampson's appearance and subsequent demise at the Battle of the Crater, where, according to Spaulding's definitive account, "This officer was blown higher, and remained aloft longer, than any other in the Confederate service"?²

I ask these questions with the natural diffidence of the commercial man interloping into the realm of Clio, from whence, on the other hand, have come so many in recent years to enter my own milieu. It is my hope that the foregoing and what is to follow will animate eager and competent historians—the two are not necessarily incompatible—to delve further into the lives of other interesting, if somewhat obscure, Confederate leaders. Lee's horse, Traveler, noble brute that it was, can scarcely accommodate still another rider; while the gay tunes of Sweeney, Jeb Stuart's personal banjoist, if heard as frequently as have been written about, would surely be eligible for "Your Hit Parade."

Alpheus Tuesday Bampson was born of well-to-do parents in Princess Anne County, Maryland, on August 23, 1822. Little is known of his early years; pertinent letters from his mother and kinsmen were destroyed a generation ago by a fearful clergyman uncle who was then seeking preferment from his bishop.³

Evidently young Bampson was, for a time, a student at Princeton University. The records of that venerable institution indicate that a

Mr. Bampson was expelled from this college on November 9, because of his propensities for gaming, the consumption of spirituous liquors, cockfighting, stabling a horse in the college library, cheating, lying, and insolently suggesting that Mr. Duckworth, the Latin Master, did not know the difference between a gerund and a gerundive—all of which might have been borne by the college authorities save the last affront.⁴

¹ Xavier DeBray, *History of the 9th Texas Partisan Rangers* (Nachitoches, La., 1887), p. i.

² William Spaulding, "The Battle of the Crater," Unpublished manuscript, Winchester, Mass., Public Library. A true and accurate account of the struggle before the works of Petersburg, written by an enthusiastic Civil War historian, distinguished publisher, and benign employer.

³ The Reverend Hieronymous Alphabet Bampson later became Suffragen Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of the lesser Antilles. Bishop Bampson came to a grievous end while essaying a refreshing swim in a shark-infested West Indies lagoon on April 7, 1881. He left behind him a three-volume work which purported to prove that the earth was flat.

⁴ *Official Records of Princeton College, 1840*. Further research indicates that the youthful Bampson may have been correct in his allegation. In Mr. Duckworth's defense, however, Princeton authorities have pointed to his mastery of the hortatory subjunctive and ablative absolute.

Subsequent educational adventures, subsidized by Bampson's fond and hopeful parents, at the Universities of North Carolina and Mississippi ended in similar disasters. Professor Edwin Tucker Henderson noted in his memoirs:

The gunpowder bomb which demolished the lectern in the Dialectic Senate Hall, and which grievously injured the speaker, the Reverend Emsworth Smead, was found to have been placed by a student named Bampson. A search of the miscreant's lodgings disclosed a plentitude of marked playing cards, several home-made infernal machines, and three-score French novels of the most saucy variety, which he allegedly had been renting to his fellow scholars.⁵

Bampson's sojourn at the University of Mississippi was at first more auspicious. Within a month of his taking residence in Oxford, he was chosen a captain in the University corps of cadets. "Young Bampson exhibited a marked talent and liking for the military," wrote a classmate, many years later. He added:

He introduced a novel drill to his company, claiming its derivation from the ceremonial march of the French Chasseurs D'Afrique. When, however, the corps was reviewed by a worldly United States Army officer, it was charged that Bampson's parade maneuvers were patterned on an unseemly charade, then popular at resorts of low repute in New Orleans. Eight anonymous communications—said to have been written by members of the faculty—corroborated the major's allegation, and Cadet Captain Bampson was summarily dismissed from the University.⁶

Disgraced and discredited, shunned by decent folk, the youthful Bampson, in the spirit of his times, naturally turned his countenance toward the new state of Texas. It was, however, a relatively leisurely journey, since no major capital crime was involved. As Bampson once proudly remarked to his crony, Senator Louis T. Wigfall, "Everybody else absconded to Texas. I just went there, of course."

From 1846 to 1860, Major Bampson, evinced great energy in furthering his own fortunes and the common prosperity of his native state. Active politically, he regularly announced for the high office of Clerk of the Supreme Court, variously as a candidate of the Know-Nothing, Whig, Anti-Masonic, Constitutional Union, and abortive "Bring Millard Fillmore Back" parties. Never did he achieve a majority vote. His eagerness for public office—and emoluments—struck sympathetic chords in Washington circles, however, and on April 9, 1852, Bampson was appointed Assistant Collector of Customs at the Port of Galveston. In his office, he soon formed a close understanding with his superior, with a depressing effect upon the revenues of the national government.

⁵ *Old Times At Chapel Hill* (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1826), p. 1314.

⁶ Cadwallader Pickens, *Old Times in the Sunny South; or Seventy Years a Dixie Planter* (Jackson, Miss., 1909), p. 100.

Though profitable, Major Bampson's official duties were by no means onerous; it occurred to him to engage in an outside enterprise, one consonant with his private enthusiasms. Accordingly, in January 1854, with the financial support of enthusiastic and knowing resort keepers in Mobile and New Orleans, the Alpheus Tuesday Bampson Innocent Amusement Devices Company was formed, the first playing-card factory west of Cincinnati. Business flourished from the start; soon new lines of dice, roulette wheels, and other gaming devices were added to the Bampson line.

From the very first, specially designed items were featured in the Bampson catalogue: playing cards "guaranteed to insure the success and prosperity of the user"; two-headed coins offered to "obviate the frivolities of chance"; and an ingeniously contrived shell game, whereby, and to quote the company brochure, "one possessing but the modest purchase price of six dollars and a certain fleetness of foot, might make a substantial fortune within the year."⁷

So widely disseminated, (and assiduously employed) were Bampson's manufactures, according to Clark, that "they take their place with Wells Fargo, Colt's Patent Revolvers, and fugitive bank clerks in the early winning of the West."⁸

Major Bampson himself, as a successful government servant and increasingly opulent businessman, was regarded as one of the "first citizens of Texas." One lengthy and laudatory account of his activities describes him as

tirelessly working day and night in his magnificently appointed study, sustained only by draughts of the finest French wines, until his *magnum opus* might be achieved—the creation of an ordinary-looking checker board—which, when employed with intelligent caution, will invariably eliminate capricious and unpredictable results.⁹

Meanwhile, the state of Texas had gone to war. Brigadier General H. H. Sibley had arrived in San Antonio in August, 1861, bearing orders from President Jefferson Davis to raise three regiments of cavalry for an expedition against the Union forces in the territories of New Mexico and Arizona. Enthusiastically, Texans of substance and ability flocked to Sibley's standard, and for weeks afterwards, the environs of San Antonio reverberated with the commands of drill sergeants, and the shouts of wagon masters as the brigade provision trains were assembled. Well-mounted and bravely-officered, the 4th, 5th, and 7th Texas Mounted

⁷ Brochure in possession of author.

⁸ Braxton Bragg Clark, *The Winning of the West* (New York, 1950), p. 222. This author is unrelated to the distinguished Kentucky scholar and South Carolina planter, Dr. Thomas D. Clark.

⁹ Austin (Texas) *Enterprise*, Jan. 5, 1858.

Volunteer Regiments left bivouac for the invasion marshalling point near El Paso.

His latent military ardor rekindled by these stirring events, Alpheus Tuesday Bampson sent an urgent telegram to General Sibley requesting authorization to raise a command for service in New Mexico. Sibley, who unfortunately had been a frequent victim of the "Bampson Non-Pareil Roulette Wheel," ignored the application. Undeterred by Sibley's tacit refusal, Bampson dispatched a secret messenger to Richmond. After some days, an arrangement was concluded whereby Bampson was "commissioned a Major in the Confederate States Army, and given leave to raise a battalion of irregular cavalry for spy service in the West. It is understood that complete assortments of special goods from the Bampson Innocent Amusement Devices Company will be forwarded to . . ." Here followed the names of several prominent Confederate generals and statesmen who Major Bampson's representative had successfully interviewed. Their names are omitted in deference to their myriad biographers.¹⁰

Though a patriot to the core, and zealous in the South's cause, Bampson had been too long crusading against the vagaries of chance to nullify a basic rule of his life. Accordingly, he instructed his emissary, in code, to proceed on to Washington. In a very few days, and in much the same circumstances, Major Bampson's titular command embraced not only the newly-authorized 9th Texas Partisan Rangers, but also, should the lugubrious need arise, the 3rd New Jersey Heavy Artillery, as well.

Recruiting of the 9th Texas soon began. The *Galveston Intelligencer* reported:

Scores of men, attracted by the personality and character of the gallant commander, are arriving daily by land and sea. Some appear to be rough fellows; but we believe that their high spirits will increase their value to the cause. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that the incident of the burning of the Galveston City Hall will not dispose the citizenry against the command. The notching of Constable O'Flaherty's ears, while deplorable, should also be dismissed from the public mind, in view of the larger issues of the war.¹¹

With the battalion's ranks filling so rapidly, the problems of training and outfitting the raw troops loomed large. Trained officers, experienced in the art of war, were a necessity; and Major Bampson exerted every energy to attract such men. The bustling port of Galveston, teem-

¹⁰ A gentlemanly and courteous regard for the sensibilities of historians and the descendants of the negotiators prohibits my disclosing pertinent source material. Suffice to say, should the true facts ever be established, twenty-two counties in Alabama alone would petition to have their names changed.

¹¹ Northerners are much more unemotional about this sort of thing—but I intend to treat both sides in the same fashion.

ing with foreign shipping, afforded him an ideal recruiting ground, and within the month, a corps of officers had been enrolled.¹²

Bampson's immediate military family, while small in number, is worth interest. The battalion adjutant, The MacPheeters of Egg and Mugg, was a highland laird, the twenty-seventh chief of an ancient clan. Born in a rude, wet granite hovel on the Isle of Mugg, distressed family fortunes early forced him to depart his antique abode, and, with a handful of trusted retainers, to migrate to Australia. There established on a large sheep ranch, The MacPheeters sought prosperity. Steadily, his flocks increased, while those of his English-born neighbors as regularly diminished.

Altercations naturally followed—first, with his indignant neighbors—then, in rapid succession, with the New South Wales Constabulary and elements of the Adelaide Rifle Regiment. Finally, however, the noble laird was apprehended while attending a meeting of the Robert Burns Poetry Society, where, according to his biographer, "The strong emotions engendered by readings from Scotia's immortal bard had rendered him tearful and incapable of resistance."¹³

Charged with sheep stealing and breaking the peace at the Assizes of Sydney, The MacPheeters, with that quarrelsome affinity for strict legalism which distinguishes the Scot, argued that

It was the lawful right of the Hereditary Chiefs of The MacPheeters of the Isles, granted by Rhoderick Dhu, and reaffirmed by the Edinburgh College of Heralds, that they might despoil Englishmen of their sheep on Tuesdays and Thursdays—Mondays being reserved to the MacDougals of Killiecrankie, Wednesdays to the Frazers of Athol, Fridays to the Munros of Athelstane, Saturdays to the McGregors, both Black and Red, while Sundays, in accordance with the Scriptures and the strict Doctrine of the Church of Scotland, were allocated exclusively to the clergy.

The magistrate, while impressed by The MacPheeters' legal position, nevertheless ruled that Scottish Law was invalid in Australia, and ordered the laird and his followers to take up residence elsewhere.

Since Australia was the penultimate sanctuary of the excessive high spirits of the world, it was inevitable that The MacPheeters, with bagpipes wailing his clan's traditional lament, "The Cutting Off of the Earl of Dundee's Head," should board ship for the final refuge of Texas.

Gigantic in stature, a full seven feet tall, with a commanding personality and of incendiary temper, The MacPheeters of Egg and Mugg was an obvious choice as battalion adjutant. From their first warm meeting

¹² *Galveston Daily Intelligencer*, October 13, 1861.

¹³ Rev. Alexander MacPheeters, *History of Clan MacPheeters* (Edinburgh, 1890), pp. 250-260. The foregoing—and following—material on the clan's 27th chief was extracted from this standard family history, a dolorous volume which would have been read with much satisfaction by the late Dr. Samuel Johnson.

in the barroom of the Lone Star Hotel in Galveston, when the laird and Major Bampson discovered a mutual enthusiasm for Scotch potables, the two men were inseparable, Bampson gladly acquiescing in his adjutant's desire to uniform a company of the 9th Texas in the kilted raiments of his native heath. It was deemed necessary, however, to order the Caledonian officer to refrain from issuing orders to his company in Gaelic. Indeed, the entire battalion came to be guided in their drill solely by the use of police whistles, to which they responded, according to Maxcey, "with an alacrity born of long and common experience."¹⁴

Still another figure of interest is Lum Chu Fung, Bampson's Chief of Artillery, and perhaps the only officer of Chinese origin in the Confederate Service. Diminutive in size, and understandably taciturn owing to his complete ignorance of the English language, Lum Chu served the Legion's single six-pounder, a relic of the War of 1812, with much energy. At first reluctant to fight for the South—he had been a cook on a visiting merchant ship until acquired in a poker game with a Dutch captain, who had never heard of Bampson's Patent Stacked Deck—Lum Chu had been handled rather roughly by Major Bampson, who ordered that the Chinaman be tied by his long queue to the Legion's rust-encrusted battery. Thus attached, Lum Chu Fung, with true celestial resignation, did his uttermost, the inevitable finally occurring at the skirmish near Pegion's Forge, more familiarly known as "Bampson's Rout," when both the six-pounder and its brave custodian disappeared in a roaring flash. It is interesting to note here that there is a flourishing Lum Chu Fung Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the city of Hong Kong, whose members are all descended from the cannoneer and his numerous wives and concubines.¹⁵

Last, but certainly not the least one of Major Bampsons' military family, was Captain Augustus Schwarzburg, a soldier of fortune with immense experience in actual warfare. Educated at the Ecole Militaire in Paris, this Alsatian warrior had begun his martial career with the Legion Etrangère in Morocco, where his entire platoon had been slaughtered by Riffian tribesmen. Later he commanded a squadron of Her Britannic Majesty's 17th Lancers in their disastrous charge at Balaklava. Subsequently, he led a regiment of rebellious Greeks against their Turkish overlords, suffering a final calamitous reverse in the Macedonian Campaign. From Greece, he drifted to South America, serving at various

¹⁴ Samuel B. Maxcey, *Recollections of the Confederate Army* (San Antonio, 1899), p. 2.

¹⁵ This group sponsors a chop suey dinner each year on Confederate Memorial Day. Visiting historians are always made welcome, provided they are sound on the segregation issue.



times with the Republican Armies of Chile, Paraguay, and El Salvador, and being present at the ultimate annihilation of each.¹⁶

Medium-sized, with an immense black beard and flowing raven locks, Captain Schwarzburg bore numerous marks of battle upon his person. He had lost an eye and an ear near Fez; his right arm and left heel were cleft from his body by a Turkish scimitar in Armenia; while leading his English cavalymen against the Russians in the Crimea, a cannon ball had chanced to remove his right leg. His service in Latin America was less eventful, although he sustained a grievous machete wound in the posterior in an affray near La Paz.

These infirmities, while inconvenient, did little to assuage the captain's innate lust for battle. An intricate arrangement of carved ivory artificial limbs, motivated by an ingenious system of wires and pulleys, enabled him to march about, until, at length, these valuable artifices passed to Major Bampson through the agency of four aces obediently dispensed by a package of Bampson's Certified Neverfail Playing Cards. Thereafter, Captain Schwarzburg traveled lying down in a mule cart.

With Major Bampson's consent, the men of the ferocious Alsatian's company were uniformed as living memorials of his former, obliterated commands. Along with The MacPheeter's Highlanders, these variously arrayed men gave an exotic appearance to the battalion when on parade.¹⁷

By February preliminary training of the Legion had been completed, and in a chorus of profane farewells by a large mob of exasperated Galvestonians, the long march to El Paso began.

Meanwhile, reports on the peculiar characteristics of the Legion had preceded them. General Sibley, still rankled over his unfortunate encounters with the Non-Pareil Roulette Wheel, determined to obey the Richmond orders only in the breach. He directed that the 9th Texas should proceed straightway to the far west to pacify the Apache and Navaho Indians of that area, and to establish a holding position just across the Colorado River from Fort Yuma, thus preventing the Union forces in California from conjoining the Federal troops situated in New Mexico.

Obediently, the Legion, with its long baggage train, passed on by the main army, crossed the shallow El Paso without major criminal incident, and began its long march westward.

Theophilus Noel, a private in the 5th Texas, provides us with an interesting vignette of this brief meeting of the two forces:

They were a motley assortment, still bearing the scars of the shackle, beside whom even our rough and ready rangers paled into insignificance. Never

¹⁶ R. L. Mueller, *Augustus Schwarzburg* (London, 1911), pp. 110-111. A singular life of a singular soldier.

¹⁷ Unpublished diary (circa 1860-64), in possession of author.

were so many oddiments of military dress and accoutrements displayed; never so many bizarre officers collected into one command—indeed, one captain, a giant Scotchman, was apprehended stealing sheep belonging to the brigade quartermaster. My comrades and I were perfectly in accord with Colonel Green's order to Captain Teel to "keep the cannon at the ready until you no longer see those rascals nor hear their damned police whistles."¹⁸

Tom Green himself, in a letter to his brother, Judge Nathan Green, complained:

The 9th Texas are the scum of the South, the rank-and-file so degraded and vicious that even Bob Wheat refused their enrollment in the Louisiana Tigers on the plea that his men would be corrupted. The officers of the 9th defy description. They are mainly foreign gentlemen of picturesque demeanor and of uncertain tastes. Major Bampson's invitation to the officers of the brigade to a friendly game of cards was, of course, indignantly refused.

Little, save a few anecdotes from outside sources or extracted from the diary of Lieutenant James Wilkinson, III, a member of the 9th, touches upon the Legion's progression to the proximity of the Colorado River and Fort Yuma. An obscure letter from Bishop William Bainbridge, of the Methodist Board of Missions, may concern an incident involving Bampson, "The tragic news has reached me," the bishop wrote his wife, "that a chaplain of our persuasion, attached to a Texas command, strayed off from his comrades, and met an untimely end at the hands of the savage Navahoes."¹⁹

This letter would be meaningless, save that Wilkinson, in his diary, made mention of a feast which that tribe of Indians tendered to Bampson and his staff:

The main dish was a savory meat stew of which the Major partook hugely. Nausea resulted; and between spasms, Major Bampson voiced a horrid doubt about the original nature of the provender. Shaken, we took a hasty leave of our hosts. In the morning, being much relieved, Major Bampson made light of the affair, observing that "the late Reverend Chatsworth, during the course of a single meal, had spread Methodism throughout the whole of the Navaho Nation; but that his own physiology, permeated as it was with the liberal tenets of Episcopalianism, very naturally rebelled against any such Wesleyan infusion." Such wit endeared the commander to his boisterous men. To the more serious of us, in afterthought, there occurred a mental comparison of Major Bampson with Stonewall Jackson, both great leaders being ardent for their own denominations.²⁰

Still another interesting comparison appeared in James Houlihan's *Account of the Confederate Campaign in the West*, first published in New York in 1877. "Major Bampson," he wrote, "entirely lacked that per-

¹⁸ Theophilus Noel, *Reminiscences of a Texas Private* (Shreveport, 1902), p. 18.

¹⁹ MS. Collection, Wesley Foundation, Cincinnati, Ohio.

²⁰ *Ibid.*

verse quality of stubbornness which caused Grant, unheeding of the protests of his advisers and of the natural disadvantages of terrain and Confederate emplacements, to send regiment after regiment to their doom at Cold Harbor."²¹

Once satisfied that his own judgment was in error, our leader would make instant corrections, and offer handsome apologies to all who had opposed his original plans." Houlihan then stated:

As evidence, one morning, Major Bampson ordered the squadron of lancers to charge at full gallop down a precipitous canyon wall. The squadron, to the man, begged their commander to rescind this order. The horses could not get firm purchase on the steeply sloping shale surface, they complained. We begged the Major not to order us to make such an impossible maneuver. Eyes blazing, Major Bampson accused us of poltroonry, and flourishing sword and pistol, commenced blowing hard upon his police whistle. Resignedly, we urged our brutes forward, and in a few moments, the bottom of the aforementioned geographical declivity was filled with the shrieks of wounded horses and maimed men. Peering down over the brink of the precipice, Major Bampson was heard to murmur: "Men, you were right, and I was wrong. That canyon wall is too steep. I shall ride the long way around, and join you. Meanwhile, those of you who can move must comfort the dying and bury the dead."

Small wonder that the 9th Texas adored its gallant commander!

Twelve miles east of the Colorado River and the Union outpost of Fort Yuma, the old track of the Butterfield Stage Lines made a sharp bend, following the contours of a high ridge which formed a natural road bed. Once around the curve, which had to be negotiated very slowly to avoid rock slides and other impediments, the already sparse vegetation thinned out still further as the track entered the barren wastes of the Great American Desert.

It was here on May Day, 1862, that Colonel Andrew Bigelow, Commanding Officer, 1st California Volunteers, positioned his regiment. Three days earlier Indian scouts had reported dust clouds far to the east, a sure indication of the presence of a large party of men. A spy company of Californians was sent forward, returning two days later with an alarming report, as is indicated by Colonel Bigelow's urgent dispatch to his superiors at San Diego:

Fort Yuma, and all of Southern California, is imperiled by the approach of a joint expedition of British, French, Greek, and South American troops, the whole seemingly commanded by a Southern Chief of Police. Have all the nations of the world conspired with the South to dismember the Union? Respectfully suggest all Chinese coolies in state be investigated as possibly being secret Confederate officers. Have whistles displaced bugles in our army yet? Kindly send full division U.S. Regulars to my assistance. Also, additional livestock; sheep have mysteriously disappeared.²²

²¹ P. 222.

²² Col. Andrew Bigelow jacket, *Official Records* (Washington, D.C., 1879).

In response to Bigelow's communication, General David Hunter, Senior Union Officer in San Diego, merely sent his compliments and best wishes, together with an attractively printed tract on the merits of temperance. With sinking heart, sustained only by his very real devotion to the Union, Colonel Bigelow made his regiment ready to receive the enemy's thrust.

Twelve hundred Californians, hardy miners from the High Sierras, concealed themselves behind pinion stands, windfalls, and displaced boulders, their eyes fixed upon the marching column of foot and horse which approached unknowing from the glaring desert. Wonderingly, they beheld The MacPheeters of Egg and Mugg and his men, festooned with dirks, claymores, horse pistols, and carcasses of freshly-slaughtered sheep, kilts flapping colorfully against gyve-scarred legs, quick-stepping, in cadence, to the skirl of bagpipes.

Just behind, Captain Schwarzburg whipped up and down the battalion in his mule cart, inspecting the various facsimiles of French Foreign Legionnaires, Hellenic Evzones, British horsemen, and Paraguayan Home Guards who comprised his immediate military responsibility, as well as serving as a reminder of his many martial misjudgments.

Near the column's center, Lieutenant Lum Chu Fung, hirsutely connected to his antique field piece, rode upon its caisson, his face a blank study of pagan reflection. Now and again, police whistles added their piercing sounds to the general cacophony, causing the Legion, as if seized with a collective nervous spasm, to hurry its pace.

Far, far to the rear, his mind diverted from military affairs, Major Alpheus Tuesday Bampson tarried, demonstrating the mysteries of the Six-Dollar Shell Game to Mangus Colorado and his silver-ornamented Mimbreno Apaches.

Today, little is known of the Battle of Yuma Gulch, or "Bampson's Fiasco," as it is now termed. Union accounts are obscure, since the reports of the action by Colonel Bigelow and his men were first dismissed by General Hunter as the delusions of over-excited, and probably intoxicated, militia. Only the presence three months later of a number of Apache warriors, illegally wearing the bold tartan of Clan MacPheeters, gave evidence to General Hunter's inspecting party from San Diego that a battle had actually been fought.

Of the two hundred men who formed the 9th Texas, but 42 returned to civilization, its jails, rock quarries, and penitentiaries.

Lum Chu Fung, galvanized into furious energy, was seen retreating (at good speed, considering his heavy burden of ordnance) towards the doubtful safety of Texas. Captain The MacPheeters, at the first volley of Union fire, directed his pipers to strike up his clan's battle air, "The Disemboweling of the McCloskeys of Montrose"; then, howling maledic-

tions upon the Sassanachs, he essayed upon a disastrous charge against a masked Union needle gun, thereby assuring the quick succession of his clan's 28th laird. Captain Schwarzburg, maddened by the clamor of battle, inadvertently swallowed his police whistle, and with every breath, involuntarily ordered his troops to their deaths against the California barricades. It was not until the debacle was complete that he sustained a kick by his faithful mule, which ceased the whistling and dissipated forever his belligerent spirits.

Major Bampson, hearing the distant rumble of combat, excused himself from his savage patrons and, heavy-laden with numerous silver artifacts, rode forward to a point of vantage. Upon surveying the scene of carnage through his telescope, he returned to the Apache encampment and resumed his shell game. It was the assistance of these same Indians, who came to revere him as a god, that he eventually reached the Rio Grande, where he joined the Confederate forces that had retreated there from Santa Fe.

The next two years found Major Bampson, with those few of the 9th Texas who had survived the rigors of battle and the suspicious scrutiny of various Southern sheriffs, taking part in several engagements across the Mississippi. The dismal misfortune at Opelousas, the melancholy tragedy near Chattanooga, the atrocious defeat outside of Charlottesville, all mark the Legion's progression, until, at length, attempting to cross over to the Union lines at Petersburg, Alpheus Tuesday Bampson lost his life at the Battle of the Crater.²³

Following the horrendous explosion of the great Union powder mine—and his own eventual descent from the heights—Major Bampson's remains were collected and interred, with full military honors by both armies. In one hand was his commission as commander of the 9th Texas in the other his unused appointment as chief of the 3rd New Jersey Heavy Artillery. Under his tunic, next to his heart, however, there reposed, in accordance with his dying wish, a fresh pack of Bampson's Extra-Special Playing Cards.

If, despite his every precaution, the life of Alpheus Tuesday Bampson had been forfeited to a battlefield whim of chance, he was still determined to have a good try in the Hereafter.

²³ Noel, *Reminiscences*, p. 99.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To no degree does *Civil War History* vouch for the historical truth or authenticity of the above collection of "facts." We graciously leave the truths or untruths of "Bampson's Legion" to the discretion of our readers.

MANPOWER, NORTH AND SOUTH, IN 1860

Thomas Schoonover

MOST CIVIL WAR WRITERS agree with the statement: "The Civil War is a modern war." Nevertheless, by far the great bulk of writing on this conflict is romantic, political, or military. But the wars of Caesar, Hannibal, or Gustavus Adolphus can and are also described in terms of romance, politics, and militarism. What then distinguishes "modern war" from "old war"? Economics is the key. This is not the economics of logistics and supply, for these problems faced Hannibal as well as Sherman or Lee, but the economic strength and structure of the state. Among the many factors of economic war, one of the most important is manpower, not only manpower in terms of trigger pullers, but, more important, in terms of production, manufacturing, commerce, and transportation.

Agreement over the potential manpower resources of North and South in 1860 does not exist always. For example, six noted historians have presented the following figures for 1860 populations:

	South	North	Ratio of South to North
Hosmer ¹	9,000,000	23,000,000	1:2.56
Beard ²	9,000,000	22,000,000	1:2.44
Randall ³	9,000,000	22,000,000	1:2.44
Ropes ⁴	9,000,000	22,000,000	1:2.44
Hicks ⁵	9,500,000	22,000,000	1:2.32
Adams ⁶	10,000,000	21,000,000	1:2.10

One possibly could arrive at the closest approximation by studying the 1860 Census.

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¹ James K. Hosmer, *The Appeal to Arms, 1861-1863* (Boston, 1901), pp. 5-6.

² Charles and Mary Beard, *The Making of American Civilization* (New York, 1945), pp. 469-470.

³ J. G. Randall, *The Civil War and Reconstruction* (Boston, 1953), p. 259.

⁴ John C. Ropes, *Story of the Civil War* (New York, 1895), I, p. 98.

⁵ John D. Hicks, *The Federal Union* (Cambridge, 1952), p. 581.

⁶ James T. Adams, *America's Tragedy* (New York, 1935), p. 199.

Two categories will herewith be examined: total manpower (or manpower) and military manpower. The age divisions included in the manpower figure will be from 10 to under 60 in the 1860 Census (11 to under 61 in 1861 or 15 to under 65 in 1865). For military manpower, the divisions from 15 to under 50 (16 to under 51 in 1861 or 20 to under 55 in 1865) will be used. Unless otherwise designated, all ages and age divisions are as of 1860.⁷

THE CONFEDERACY

The white population of the eleven seceding states plus the territory of New Mexico was 5,174,618. Of this number 2,661,859 were males. From this figure the Confederacy could draw on a manpower of 1,750,133 and a military manpower of 1,278,002.⁸ The Confederacy had a slave population of 3,500,097 in the eleven states (New Mexico reported no slaves in 1860). There were 1,755,354 males slaves, including 1,145,617 in the manpower category. If the Confederacy had granted freedom to the slaves, 830,906 men would have been added to the military manpower.⁹ Free Negroes were, like slaves, often impressed to do labor on forts and fortifications. There were 61,343 males out of a total of 130,025 free Negroes in the Confederacy. They furnished 39,174 men to the manpower total and, if allowed, would have been able to furnish 27,557 men to the military manpower total.¹⁰

If the Confederacy had existed in 1860 and had occupied the eleven states and New Mexico, it would have had a total population of 8,804,740 people. A male population of 4,478,556 would have given a manpower strength of 2,934,924. Yet the potential military manpower would have been only 1,289,002 because 858,463 free and slave Negroes were ineligible to serve.

THE UNION

Out of a white population of 21,747,920 in 24 states, 5 territories, and the District of Columbia, the Union had 11,149,539 males. There were 7,570,021 in the manpower group and 5,711,248 in the military manpower group.¹¹

The North had a slave population of 453,643, which included 227,265

⁷ As the *Population of the United States in 1860; Compiled from the Original Returns of the Eighth Census*, . . . (Washington), uses only age groups of five or ten years, a more refined division in age is not possible.

⁸ The Virginia population has been altered by subtracting that of the 50 counties which formed West Virginia's *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia* (New York, 1956), XIV, 306a-306d; XV, 74a-74d, 75; and *Population of the United States in 1860*, pp. 500-513, 592-593.

⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 594-595.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 592-593.

males. The slaves numbered 145,607 in manpower and also had 103,614 men in the military manpower group.¹²

There were 172,485 free Negro males out of a total free Negro population of 358,045. When Federal officials decided that it was permissible to use the free or slave Negro to free his brother in the Confederacy, 86,810 men were thus added to the military manpower group. An additional 118,669 free Negroes fell into the manpower group.¹³

The population of the Union, including so-called Asiatics, was 22,594,561 people. Of this total, 11,582,438 were males. The total manpower was 7,867,027; the military manpower was 5,901,672 (excluding "asiatics").

CONCLUSIONS

The important points to be derived from these figures are not to be found in absolute numbers of Confederates or Federals, but in ratios. According to the 1860 Census, the total population ratio, Confederate to Union, was 1:2.57 (8,804,740 to 22,594,561).

The Union was slightly more male and had a considerably younger male population. Thus, the ratio of males was 1:2.59 (4,478,556 to 11,582,438); in labor manpower, 1:2.71 (2,934,924 to 7,967,027); and in military manpower, 1:2.78 (2,136,465 to 5,932,270).¹⁴ This ratio of 1:2.78 includes Negroes in the Confederate figures and "asiatics" in the Union numbers. By using the white military manpower of the Confederacy and by omitting the "asiatics" from the Union figures, a ratio of 1:4.62 (1,278,002 to 5,901,772) thus exists.¹⁵

¹² *Ibid.*, pp. 594-595.

¹³ *Ibid.* The Act of February 24, 1864, section 24, made slaves of a loyal Union master subject to draft (with compensation to the owner). Free Negroes or "contrabands" were subject to military service after the Act of July 17, 1862. U.S. War Dept., comp., *War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington, 1880-1901), Series III, Vol. V. 654, 657. Hereafter cited as O.R., with all references to Series III.

¹⁴ *Population of the United States in 1860*, p. xvii, contains a table of white military population for 1860 using the age limits, 18-45. The areas remaining loyal to the Union had 4,631,358 men and the Confederate area had 992,707—a ratio of 1:4.67.

¹⁵ There are some who will state that the five ratios given as conclusions do not show the "real" picture. They will claim that Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland furnished many soldiers to the Confederacy. They also may claim that even if the Negroes were not permitted in the South's front lines more whites were freed to fight because the Negro did the labor back home.

However, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Virginia contributed troops to the Union army. Most of Tennessee and parts of Louisiana and Virginia were in Union hands by mid-1862, thus depriving the Confederacy of population, labor, and military manpower from those areas. As for the Negro, he had to be watched (if he remained), for he often was either seized or voluntarily became "contraband," and some, after becoming "contraband," joined the Union army. A total of 186,017 Negroes served in the Union army. Of these 93,346 came from the Confederate states, and 5,816 were either "at large" or "not accounted for"; O.R., V, 662.

Since the Civil War was a modern war and was based on the economy a major factor in that struggle was the labor manpower ratio, which included the man on the firing line as well as the one on the production line back home.¹⁶ The superiority of the North in this category played no small part in the preservation of the Union.

¹⁶ Unfortunately, many qualifications must be taken into consideration in determining the total manpower or population of the two sections in 1860 if those population figures are to be applied to 1861-1865. By and large these qualifying factors balance between Union and Confederacy (although no means of exact determination exist): Some factors favored neither side, such as the blind, deaf and dumb, insane, and idiotic who together totaled only 68,455 or .22 per cent of the population in 1860; some factors favored the Confederacy such as the wider use of women and the employment of Indians (either as enlistments in the Confederate army or as diversionary forces in the West); the South probably received more men from loyal border states than did the North from Confederate border states. On the other hand, some factors favored the Union—occupation of Confederate territory (which hampered conscription and the use of the labor by the Confederacy), Negroes and "contraband," and immigration.

THE DEATH OF MAJOR GENERAL W. H. T. WALKER, JULY 22, 1864

Wilbur G. Kurtz

CIVIL WAR ANNALS are replete with circumstantial accounts of casualties among the high-ranking leadership of the Blue and the Gray. Whether in major or minor conflicts, the records thereof present a notable list of general officers who, for various reasons, did not escape lethal bullets on the battlefield. With one exception, the records reveal the attendant circumstances. We are reasonably certain of how Generals Albert Sidney Johnston, Leonidas Polk, A. P. Hill, and Patrick R. Cleburne came by their deaths, but curiously enough, after nearly a century, a contemporary and circumstantial account of an official nature regarding the death of Major General W. H. T. Walker has never appeared.

This is all the more singular in that General Walker was surrounded by members of his staff and others who not only saw the general topple from his saddle, but who bore his body to the Widow Terry house some distance to the rear of the Atlanta defenses.

Confederate records are silent about everything but the fact that General Walker was killed. Federal General John W. Fuller, commanding a division of Dodge's Sixteenth Corps, reported he saw a general officer, *supposed to be General Walker*, dash out of the woods, swinging his hat and urging his troops forward—then disappear in the smoke of battle—his riderless steed making for the rear amid cries of "bring off the general." Walker was not on that part of the field where Fuller's troops were posted; if he had been, Colonel James Cooper Nesbit would have mentioned it, for he, as temporary commander of Sterns' brigade of Walker's division, was captured by the 39th Ohio, one of Fuller's regiments. He could have seen or heard of the hat-swinging general and his riderless horse, had they been in Fuller's front.

If Major Joseph B. Cumming, Walker's Chief of Staff and present with the general almost up to the last moment of his death, knew just

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how and where Walker was killed, he failed to cite the circumstances in his address at the unveiling of the Walker monument on the battlefield, July 22, 1902. However, the Major's remarks correct much that happened during the brief period prior to the general's death, including the acrimonious exchange of words with General William J. Hardee.

When General Sherman sent McPherson's Army of the Tennessee to the east side of Atlanta, he had only one purpose: to cut the Georgia Railroad at points east and west of Decatur. That he might have to fight a battle to gain this end was a calculated risk.

General John B. Hood, who had succeeded General Joseph E. Johnston on July 18, did so on conditions, laid down in Richmond, that he would avoid everything but battles with Sherman's forces, then in motion toward Atlanta from the north and east. The first engagement resulted in failure to dislodge the Twentieth and part of the Fourth Corps of George Thomas' Army of the Cumberland just south of Peachtree Creek on July 20.

Hood launched this attack with Hardee's and Stewart's Corps. These troops advanced from the outer defense line some distance north of the inner and encircling line of Atlanta's fortifications. Cleburne's division of Hardee's Corps, held in reserve, was withdrawn after a mere token participation in the battle and sent to relieve Wheeler's Cavalry, hotly engaged in withstanding attacks by McPherson's forces moving westward from Decatur, at Bald Hill—later known as Leggett's Hill—in East Atlanta.

When Hood learned of this pressure from the east, he withdrew his forces from the outer lines north and east to the inner, or encircling line of city fortifications on the night of July 21. This withdrawal was part of his plan to send Hardee's Corps and Wheeler's Cavalry on a night march southward from the city to gain the rear of McPherson's forces in East Atlanta posted generally along Flat Shoals Road and what is now known as Moreland Avenue.

Hood's directive to Hardee was to get well in the rear of the Federal line, even if he had to go to Decatur to do it. Hood did not know that Sherman had sent General Kenner Garrard's cavalry eastward toward Covington and the Alcovy River to burn bridges and tear up the Georgia Railroad, which thereby left McPherson's forces with a left flank hanging in air and without the usual cavalry patrols in that quarter. As for timing, Hardee's flanking march could not have been bettered; it was a strategic move that favorably compares with Stonewall Jackson's march around the right flank of Hooker's Army of the Potomac at Chancellorsville, and it might have yielded the same results if Hardee had known precisely where the Federal lines were placed and how to

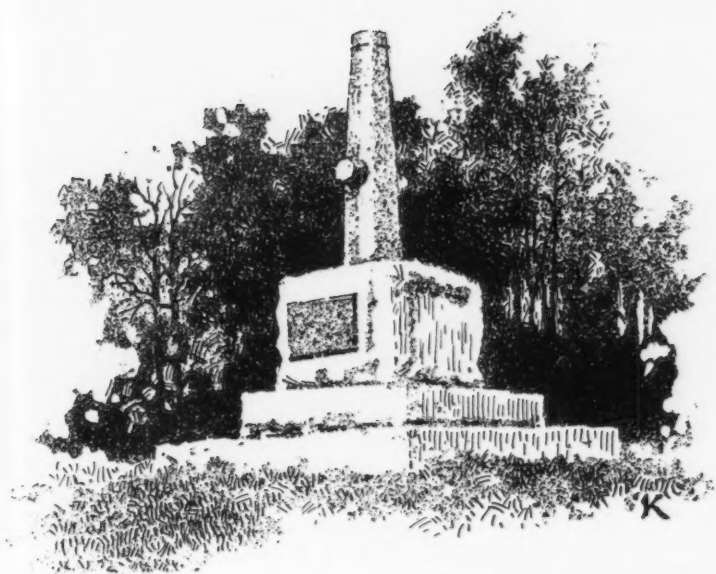
get in the rear of them. In any event, the attack was supposed to be delivered at dawn, July 22.

Hardee's Corps (all but Cleburne's division) began its march from the vicinity of the stone residence that now houses the State Department of Archives and History on Peachtree Street in north Atlanta. For these troops it was a night march of fifteen miles; going south on Peachtree Street, their route led through the downtown area of Five Points where some of the soldiery raided grocery and tobacco shops—a diversion that convinced many of the citizenry that the looting was a prelude to the evacuation of the city by the defending forces. In a zig-zag route, the column then moved over to McDonough Road (now Capitol Avenue), and continued southward. At Fair Street (Memorial Drive), Cleburne's division joined the corps; it had marched westward on Fair Street after being driven off Leggett's Hill by Blair's Seventeenth Corps of McPherson's army during the 21st.

The march was along a winding, dusty road; the oppressive heat of the day persisted and with the heavy fighting of the last two days and the fatigue of a night's march impeded by passing cavalry and artillery, progress was at a snail's pace.

At or near South River the columns turned sharply northeastward on the Fayetteville Road which led to Decatur. Dawn had come when the head of column reached Cobb's Mill on Intrenchment Creek; William Cobb's house (still standing) was just north of the mill. Thus far the route had been sufficiently clear but the road northward from the mill threaded a tangled wilderness of forest and undergrowth that was anything but propitious. Sensible of a need for guidance, General Hardee, with his division commanders and staffs, rode up to the house to inquire about roads. The answers he got obviously convinced the general that guides would be necessary. William Cobb consented to serve and he probably asked Case Turner, employed at the mill, to go along in a like capacity. Both were mounted; Turner, it was said, was astride a mule. Civilian guides in any war are credited with little or no enthusiasm for the task, which to them was not disassociated from danger. Napoleon's guide at Waterloo was tethered by a rope to the Imperial saddle.

McPherson's position was not unknown at Hood's headquarters three miles westward in Atlanta. The sharp fighting at the intersection of Flat Shoals Road and Fair Street, where Wheeler's Cavalry fought off Federal attempts to seize Bald Hill late in the afternoon of July 20, and the next day's contest where Cleburne's division failed to hold it, sufficiently indicated enemy placement, not only to Hood, but to the two officers who had fought there and now made its rear their objective. Neither had the same sound and fury of the last two days failed to signify its location to William Cobb and everybody else within the same



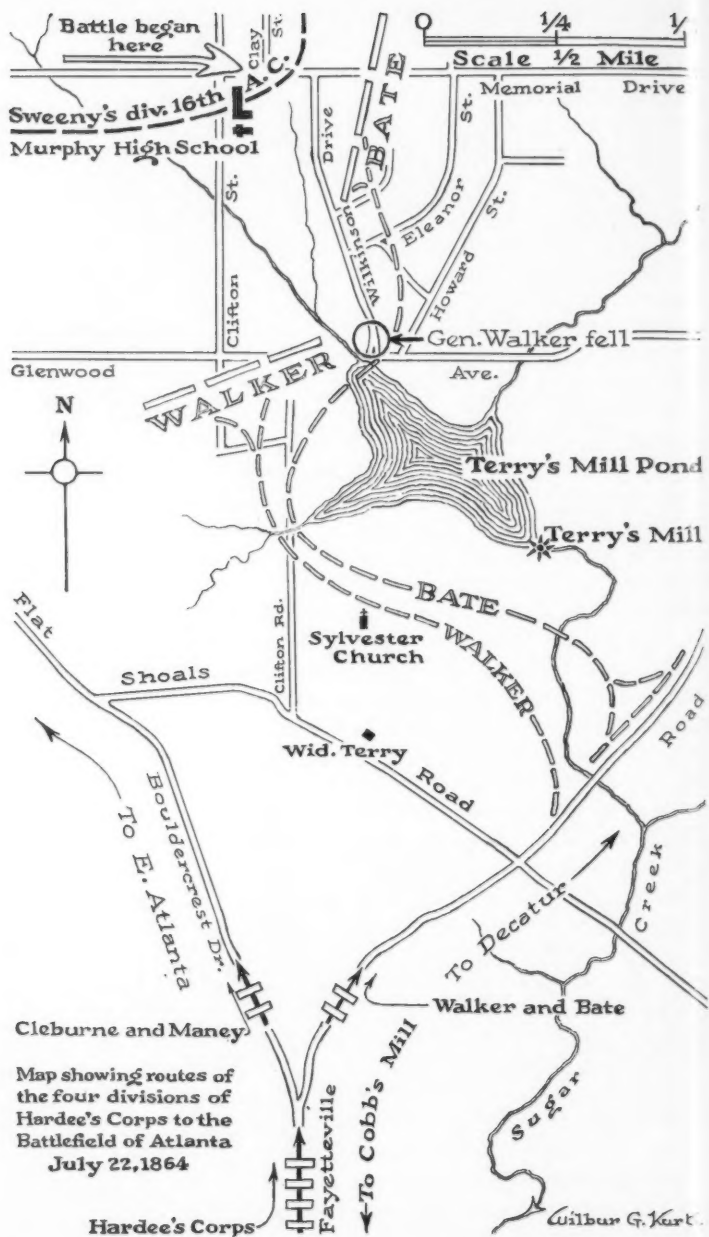
Drawn by Wilbur G. Kurtz

The Walker Monument on the Battlefield of Atlanta



Drawn by Wilbur G. Kurtz

The William Cobb House on the Old Fayetteville Road



Drawn by Wilbur G. Kurtz
The Battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864

three-mile radius. It was not so much a question of where the Federal rear was located as how to get to it.

Three-fourths of a mile to the north on the Fayetteville Road was a fork; the one to the left led directly to the Bald Hill from which came the sound of heavy firing heard by William Cobb on the previous two days. Cobb could not have known that the Federal line had since been prolonged southward on Flat Shoals Road to what is now the business center of East Atlanta, where it terminated in a fish-hook, and that the exposed left flank was a half-mile nearer to the road-fork than Bald Hill.

Hardee's fatal decision to move Cleburne's and General George Maney's divisions up Flat Shoals Road where they would strike the left flank and not the rear of the Federal line later subjected him to severe castigation by General Hood, who charged him with the failure of what promised to be a success.

To meet any contingency ahead, Cleburne and Maney began deployment of their brigades—Maney's to the left of the road, Cleburne's on and to the right of it. It was no easy task; the dense thickets, undergrowth and swamps permitted a view of scarcely fifty yards, and frequent halts had to be made to adjust alignment. William Cobb, his mission accomplished, was sent back home under escort.

Case Turner had ridden with Walker; his assertion that the fork to the right led to Decatur comported with Hood's directive that most any point near that place would be well in the rear of McPherson's position. Just how Hardee rationalized this with the road Cleburne and Maney had taken is a matter of speculation, but he doubtless realized that by keeping on the Fayetteville Road, the divergent routes would carry each column further apart with each forward step.

Wheeler's Cavalry Corps which had dogged and impeded the night march of the infantry, likewise took the right fork; Decatur, definitely, was Wheeler's objective. But Sprague's Sixteenth Corps brigade was guarding McPherson's wagon trains at the village, and Wheeler had a mandate to capture them. Ironically, Wheeler's horsemen, who knew precisely where they were going, were not detailed to blaze trails for infantry whose destination was as vague as a wilderness of forest and undergrowth could make it.

One and three-fourths miles northeast of the fork the road crossed Sugar Creek, an insignificant stream that headed from sources up near the Georgia Railroad. Just what prompted Hardee, who had accompanied Walker's and Bate's columns, to call a halt at the stream and order a detour westward, is likewise a matter of speculation. Perhaps Hardee, far from desiring further separation from the Cleburne-Maney column on Flat Shoals Road, deemed it wiser to maintain a closer formation with it. One might assume that the general, dubious about that

move up the left fork, adopted the only feasible and expeditious recourse to correct it.

This detour called for a march leftward of the creek, whereupon Case Turner in his function as guide, and knowing nothing of high strategy, but much of the terrain in the vicinity, protested that an insuperable barrier was lying in wait for any troop movements in that direction—the obstacle being Terry's Mill Pond. His remarks, addressed to Walker, went unheeded; mill ponds were not usually regarded as a hindrance to marching troops. William Cobb, in the conference at the mill that morning, had mentioned a mill pond but likely nobody but Captain Irving Buck of Cleburne's staff had heard it.

Considerable time had been consumed in shifting the columns from the road to the broken terrain bordering the stream. They were in a trackless area of thick woods, abrupt hills, deep ravines, and swamps; when deployment was essayed, the same difficulties encountered by the Cleburne-Maney columns were duplicated.

When the mounted riders at the front, after passing Tom Terry's Mill, got a glimpse of that formidable sheet of water Turner had called a mill pond, they may not have reacted as Balboa's men did when they saw the Pacific, but they certainly grasped the implications of a watery spread at least a half-mile long and of almost equal width, and its projecting arm signified further detour westward.

General Walker and staff had reached a cluster of willows bordering the little Sugar Creek branch when Walker's horse became mired in the swampy ground. Everything had happened that forenoon, including the vexatious detour to annoy the general, but this contretemps sent Walker's hair-trigger temper into the higher registers, which he vented upon the hapless guide as the author of his predicament. Drawing his revolver the general threatened to shoot the guide, but Major Cumming interposed, pointing out that the guide, far from advising the detour, had disapproved of it. Thus Turner's worst fears were justified—but somewhat reassured when Walker put up the gun.

According to Major Cumming, somewhere during the bewildered march around the pond, Walker asked approval of Hardee about the placement of certain troops of his command. Hardee had a temper of his own; the piled-up annoyances added to the fatigue of a night march had taken toll of his better judgment and he lashed out at Walker in the presence of staff and orderlies. "No, sir! This movement has been delayed too long already. Go and obey my orders!" For once in his long career, Walker suppressed the instant rejoinder that his blazing eyes implied. He saluted and rode away, remarking to the Major in overtones of rage: "Did you hear that? I shall make him remember this insult—if I survive this battle he shall answer me for it." Later on Hardee sent

word to Walker, regretting the hasty speech and promising to apologize in person, which, the Major added failed to mollify the irate general.

Major Cumming's narrative indicates he was not with Walker's escort at the final moment; the difficulties of deployment required constant supervision of intervals and alignment of the three brigades: Mercer's, Gist's and Stevens'. Three of Walker's staff were charged with this task: Major Cumming, Capt. Ross and Capt. Troup, leaving a volunteer aide, Capt. Talbot, and Lt. Bass with the general. The volunteer aide is not named. (Could this have been Case Turner, the guide?) It was but a short while after this," the Major added, "before the battle was fairly begun, while I was conducting to the best of my ability Stevens' brigade, a courier brought me the intelligence that General Walker had fallen."

This leaves us with the only account extant, that purports to tell just how Walker was killed—the Case Turner story. As he related it, Walker and his attendants riding ahead, rounded the upper end of the mill pond to gain high ground eastward of the creek—the better to view the low ground of the valley and the area in his front.

Reaching a spot a few paces north of the present Glenwood Avenue, he paused to inspect a skirt of woods with his binoculars. He must have realized that he could not continue much farther without running into something indicative of enemy occupation to the westward. A single musket-shot, fired by a Federal picket from the woods, not only toppled Walker from his saddle, his field-glasses still in his hands—but began the Battle of Atlanta. His body was hastily borne to the rear amid the milling soldiery now hastening forward. Their quest was over. Walker was killed at about noon.

Case Turner, with a sudden conviction that he had no further duties to perform, turned his mule around and fled the scene with an alacrity that ceased only with his arrival at Cobb's Mill.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CIVIL WAR ARTICLES, 1959-1960

IN ORDER TO KEEP our readers fully informed on every facet of Civil War writing, and to supplement our book reviews and news, *Civil War History* presents here the first of a regularly planned, semiannual listing of articles on the 1861-1865 conflict. Cleaned from other historical journals and similar scholarly publications, the articles herein are arranged under six topical headings for easier reference. Letters and diaries are prefaced by the writers' names in brackets; where possible the units to which the soldiers belonged are included in parentheses.

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THE CONTINUING WAR

by James I. Robertson, Jr.

IN THE PAST, and for the benefit of our hundreds of book-collecting readers, each issue of "The Continuing War" has contained at least one "sleepers"—a book unknown or scarce that not only is a valuable study of the war but also still obtainable. This column begins with one of the best literary "finds" in recent years.

Those well-versed in the literature of 1861-1865 are familiar with the J. P. Bell Company of Lynchburg, Virginia, for this firm published more than a score of now-classics on the war (such as *The Long Arm of Lee* and *Diary of a Southern Refugee*) in the years 1900-1920. Not only is this company still in business, but, more particularly, it can still supply new copies of four of its most well-known works—and at unbelievably low prices. For instance, W. H. Morgan's *Personal Reminiscences of the War of 1861-65* are the reminiscences of a Virginia private who served under Lee until his capture late in the war. Nicely printed and beautifully bound, it has commanded a top price on the secondhand book market for years. Bell's price for new copies: \$2.50.

A second work is Edward R. Turner, *The New Market Campaign*. Published in 1912, this study has long stood alone as the best treatment of that 1864 Valley engagement climaxed by the charge of the V.M.I. Corps of Cadets. Price: \$2.50. No student of Virginia's role in the war can do research on its military leaders without consulting often Jennings C. Wise's *Military History of the Virginia Military Institute from 1839 to 1865*. Personal memoirs, biographical sketches, and excerpts from war-time letters and diaries further enhance this anthology of the Academy that gave Jackson to the Confederacy. Price: \$3.50 (less than one-third the present asking price). Those who have read Albert T. Bledsoe's *Is Davis A Traitor?*, a defense of a close friend by a University of Virginia professor of law, no doubt know also of his valuable treatise, *The War Between the States, Or, Was Secession A Constitutional Right Previous to the War of 1861-65?* As a commentary on constitutional law, this study is worth infinitely more than its price: \$1.25.

Only limited numbers of each of these four books exist, and, in fairness to all, Bell's policy is on a first-come-first-serve, remittance-with-all-

orders basis. Get your orders in quickly, and may the more avid Civil Warriors win!

In the present literary field, Glenn Tucker is hard at work on a study of the Chickamauga campaign. His *Hancock the Superb*, a portion of which was published in the last issue of *Civil War History*, was an April Bobbs-Merrill release. . . . Little, Brown has issued a study of Colonel Elmer Ellsworth, by Ruth P. Randall, the well-known biographer of Mary Todd Lincoln and Abe's children. Ellsworth led the "New York Fire Zouaves" early in the war and was killed in a famous incident in Alexandria, Virginia. Mrs. Randall is the widow of Professor J. G. Randall, whose *The Civil War and Reconstruction* is used as a text in many college classes. David Donald has completed a revised edition of this work for near-future release. . . . Longmans has published a centennial edition of G. F. R. Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson* in one volume. This brings to three the number of outstanding works on "Old Jack" in recent months.

The University of Georgia Press can still supply copies of *The Letters of Warren Akin*, edited by Bell Irvin Wiley. Akin was a Confederate Congressman who wrote with an historical pen. . . . Ralph A. Wooster at Lamar State College is working on a history of state secession conventions. . . . Among the University of Chicago's May releases were Frank L. Klement's *Copperheads in the Middle West* and Eric L. McKittrick's *Andrew Johnson and Reconstruction*. . . . For background material on the 1861-1865 conflict, read Carleton Beals's *Grass-Knuckle Crusade*, a Hastings House release. This unrestricted story of the Know-Nothing Party and its attempts to attain political superiority in the period 1820-1860 goes far in showing the groundwork for civil war. . . . Pointing up another cause of the war is Abelard-Shuman's recent book, *A John Brown Reader*, edited by Louis Ruchames. This is the most complete anthology on Brown published to date. . . . The Roving Eye Press has published an interesting booklet by Michael Gold (nee Irving Granich) entitled *The Life of John Brown: Centennial of His Execution*. Some new insights may be obtained from this study of Old Osawatomie.

Rembert W. Patrick of the University of Florida is the author of a new LSU release, *The Fall of Richmond*. This series of lectures recreates the last three days of the Confederate capital. . . . Late this summer the same publisher will issue *Why the North Won the Civil War*. David Donald is the editor of this work composed of the lectures presented at the Second Annual Civil War Conference at Gettysburg College in 1958. . . . Some of the more fanatical participants in the war are analyzed by Arnold Whitridge in *No Compromise*, which Farrar will publish in August. . . . This month Oxford will release L. Van Naiswald's long-awaited *Grape and Canister*. Written by the former park historian at Manassas, this

study of field artillery in the Army of the Potomac should prove a capable complement to Jenning Wise's Confederate study, *The Long Arm of Lee*, which Oxford recently republished.

Indiana University Press in the coming months will add several new volumes to its already impressive list in the Civil War Centennial Series. The Press's spring releases were new editions of Sarah Morgan Dawson's *A Confederate Girl's Diary* and Basil W. Duke's *A History of Morgan's Cavalry*. Scheduled for fall publication are James Longstreet, *From Manassas to Appomattox*, and Thomas W. Higginson, *Army Life in a Black Regiment*. Subsequent reissues include *Confederate Operations in Canada and New York*, edited by Philip Van Doren Stern (who is also at work on a pictorial history of the Confederate navy for Doubleday); Auguste Laugel, *The United States during the War*, edited by Allan Nevins; *The Diary of General Marsena Patrick*, edited by David S. Sparks; J. L. Chamberlain, *The Passing of the Armies*, edited by Henry Steele Commager; Carlton McCarthy, *Detailed Minutiae of Soldier Life*, edited by Bell I. Wiley; Walter Taylor, *Four Years with General Lee*, edited by Clifford Dowdey; Walt Whitman, *Memoranda during the War*, edited by Roy P. Bassler; and a new edition of *Meade's Headquarters: Letters of Colonel Theodore Lyman*.

Sibley's New Mexico Campaign, by Martin H. Hall of LSU's New Orleans Branch, has just been published by the University of Texas Press. This little-known but absorbing story developed from the author's doctoral dissertation. . . . One of Crown's late winter releases was *Stringfellow of the Fourth*, by R. Shepard Brown. This biography, based in part on manuscript sources, recounts the war experiences of a young Virginian who served as a cavalryman, aide to Jeb Stuart and Confederate espionage agent. Incidentally, the same publisher can still supply copies of Lamont Buchanan's *A Pictorial History of the Confederacy*, issued some years back. . . . In September Nelson will release Sylvia Dannett's new biography of the Federal nurse, Sarah Emma Edmonds. *She Rode with the Generals* is the title. . . . Phoebe Pember, *A Southern Woman's Story*, is McCowat-Mercer's newest addition to their scholarly series of Civil War reprints. . . . McDowell-Obolensky has published Agatha Young's summary of Northern women in the war, *The Women and the Crisis*.

The sesquicentennial of Lincoln's birth seems to have given rise to an acceleration of Lincoln books. John J. Duff's *A. Lincoln: Prairie Lawyer*, a Rinehart February release, is fast becoming one of the most popular studies of Lincoln since Benjamin Thomas' monumental work. Mr. Duff combined his skills as lawyer and writer into a fascinating analysis of the twenty-three years Lincoln spent as a Midwest attorney. . . . William E. Baringer, a recognized Lincoln scholar, has just edited *The*

Philosophy of Abraham Lincoln, a compilation of the best speeches and writings of Lincoln. The Falcon's Wing Press is the publisher of this limited edition. . . . Courtlandt Canby has put together a new study, *Lincoln and the Civil War*, which George Braziller recently issued. The work purports to be a profile and a history of the man and his times drawn largely from those who have written on the era. . . . The Heritage Press has published *The Literary Works of Abraham Lincoln*, which includes his most memorable addresses and letters, together with illustrations by John Steuart Curry.

Another new study on the Emancipator is *Meet Mr. Lincoln*, a Golden Press book by Richard Hanser and Donald B. Hyatt. This is the printed narration and pictures of the television show by the same name first shown in 1959 and repeated by popular request this year. . . . Indiana University Press has published a facsimile edition of William Dean Howell's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*. Clyde C. Walton of the Illinois State Library has added a new and informative introduction. . . . For an excellent account of the 1860 Republican convention that eventually gave Lincoln the inside track to the White House, see William B. Hesseltine's *Three Against Lincoln*, an LSU April release which is based on Murat Halstead's graphic reporting of the many caucuses necessary for nominating Lincoln. . . . The John C. Winston Company has just published Victor Searcher's *Lincoln's Journey to Greatness*, which relates the President-elect's twelve-day trip from Springfield to Washington.

In the field of fiction, Prentice-Hall published this month Don Robertson's second war novel, *By Antietam's Creek*. The setting here of the bloodiest one day of the war is quite in contrast to the author's earlier and well-received novel of Gettysburg, *The Three Days*. . . . Stephen Longstreet's new novel, *Gettysburg*, will be released by Farrar in August. Yoseloff reports good sales from *The Faded Banners*, a collection of nineteenth-century Civil War fiction edited by Eric Solomon. Included in this work are short stories by Stephen Crane, Louisa Mae Alcott, Sidney Lanier, Mark Twain, and others. . . . New York University Press has recently published the letters of Stephen Crane, remembered most, of course, for his tale of cowardice and valor, *The Red Badge of Courage*.

A new edition of Jacob Hoke's eyewitness account of the Gettysburg fight has been issued by Yoseloff under the title, *The Great Invasion*. . . . In September the Ohioana Library in Columbus will publish a 1961 engagement-calendar yearbook on the general theme, *Ohio in the Civil War*. Well-known authorities have written short tracts on such Buckeye contributions as Sherman, Sheridan, Chase, and "The Fighting McCooks." . . . Lee S. Anderson has written a concise commentary on the battles of Chickamauga and Chattanooga for use by tourists. *Valley of the Shadow* is the title of this work from the presses of Hudson Printing

Company in Chattanooga. . . . Oklahoma has released two Civil War works not already mentioned in earlier columns. Willard A. and Porter W. Heaps have collaborated on a large folio of favorite wartime songs entitled *The Singing Sixties*. And Martin F. Schmitt has annotated and edited *General George Crook: His Autobiography*. While Crook is more remembered as a frontier army commander in the wild era of cowboys and Indians, he served in the Eastern armies during the Civil War with some distinction. His journal covers the years 1852-1876.

The *American Heritage* has just published its *Picture History of the Civil War*, which should be one of the best illustrated works on the war period. Moreover, it will serve as a nice "atlas" to Bruce Catton's three-volume work, *The Centennial History of the Civil War*, to be published by Doubleday beginning next year. . . . The *Yale Literary Review* will publish a fall supplement devoted to studies on the war. . . . J. Bryan, III, has written a tongue-in-cheek commentary on the Civil War in general and Richmonders in particular. *The Sword over the Mantel* is the title of this McGraw spring release. . . . Selected essays of Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, have been published by Twayne under the title *Civil War and Reconstruction*. Albert Mordell compiled these postwar observations.

Collectors will not want to pass up Bulletin Number 4 of the Chattahoochee Valley Historical Society. The major part of this 48-page pamphlet is the diary of Private Louis Merz of the 4th Georgia Infantry. The journal spans the period January-July, 1862, and encompasses the action in Virginia. Private Merz was killed at Sharpsburg while serving in the famous Doles-Cook Brigade, but his small diary presents a good insight into the life of a "Johnny Reb." Copies of the Bulletin (\$2.25 each) may be purchased from Johnson's Book Store, 718 Third Avenue, West Point, Georgia. Only a small number remain for sale.

NOTES AND QUERIES

Edited by Boyd B. Stutler

517 Main Street

Charleston, West Virginia

THIS DEPARTMENT IS DESIGNED as an open forum for researchers into Civil War themes and for readers of *Civil War History* in general. It is open for questions on and discussions of phases of the Great Conflict and its personnel. Also, we welcome notes on newly discovered, little known, or other sidelights of the war. Contributions are invited: address Notes and Queries Editor.

QUERIES

No. 64—Date and Place of Birth of General Phil Sheridan:

Where or when General Philip Henry Sheridan was born is a matter of considerable uncertainty despite the fact that he states, without qualification, in his *Memoirs* that he was born at Albany, New York, on March 6, 1831. There is uncertainty as to when the Sheridan family came to America from Ireland and where they landed. The year of leaving Ireland for America is variously given as 1828, 1829, and 1830. Some reports have it that the family landed at Quebec in 1829; others state that the family landed at Boston, Massachusetts. All agree that the family soon went from their landing port to Albany, New York, from whence, after a stay of a year or so, they moved westward to Somerset, Perry County, Ohio.

Sheridan's biographers are not in agreement as to the place and date of his birth, nor are members of the Roman Catholic clergy and others who have endeavored to find documentary evidence to support their opinions. Some believe Sheridan was born in Ireland; others state he was born at sea or in Quebec; and others say he was born in Boston. Other places of birth that have been given are Somerset, Ohio, and Albany, New York. This gives six possible places of birth. Boston seems the most likely, though there is a strong possibility that he may have been born at sea en route to America in a vessel flying the British flag. Likewise, there is uncertainty as to the date of birth. The known facts are as follows:

As a cadet at West Point and at the date of the acceptance of his commission as brevet 2nd lieutenant, on July 13, 1853, Sheridan stated that he was born in Massachusetts and resided in Somerset, Ohio. His state of birth appears as Massachusetts in the *U.S. Army Registers* from 1854 until several years after the close of the Civil War. In the official *Army Register* for 1869 his state of birth is given as Ohio and remained so until 1888, the last year in which his name appears in the *Register*, as he died in August, 1888.

The Adjutant General's office, U.S. Army, writes that "at date of acceptance (of his commission) as brigadier general, U.S. Army, 12 October, 1864, Sheridan stated he was born in Somerset, Ohio, was 32 years of age, and gave his permanent address as Ohio. On October 2, 1882, he gave the date of his birth as 6 March, 1831, but did not mention place of birth." On the day of registration at West Point, July 1, 1848, Sheridan gave his age as 18 years and one month, which would indicate that perhaps he was born in May or June, 1830, instead of March 6, 1831, as he stated in his *Memoirs*. On the other hand, if he were "32 years of age" as mentioned above on October 12, 1864, this would make the year of his birth 1832. Whitelaw Reid, in his *Ohio in the War* (1:495fn), gives Somerset, Ohio, as Sheridan's place of birth on "the authority of Sheridan himself."

Prior to Sheridan's statement in his *Memoirs* that he was born in Albany, New York, March 6, 1831, it was generally accepted that he was born in Somerset, Ohio, the date being uncertain. Sheridan's mother died at the age of 87, two months before Sheridan's death, and he may have consulted her as to the time and place of his birth. At the age of 87, in the absence of any written record and after a lapse of over 50 years, his mother presumably would have had to rely on her memory, which at that age may not have been too reliable.

Query: Does any reader have or know of documentary evidence that would definitely fix the place and date of birth of the General?

T. R. Hay

No. 65—Civil War Camp Paper Published in Arkansas:

A Civil War camp newspaper, quarto size, four pages, was published at Fayetteville, Arkansas, in 1861-1862, edited by John Henry Brown. At least two issues were published in 1861, presumably in December, as No. 3 is dated January 9, 1862. I have seen and examined four issues: No. 3, January 9, 1862; No. 4, January 22; No. 5, February 4; and No. 6, February 15, but have been unable to locate copies of the two 1861 issues, and they are unknown to the Library of Congress, Texas University, American Antiquarian Society, and Arkansas State Library.

Query: Can any reader tell me if the first two issues exist, and give location? Also, was the publication carried on after the February 15, 1862, date?

John H. Wright

No. 66—Where Was Nicholas Nesbit, Missourian, Killed?

I have been trying to get information relative to the killing of Nicholas Nesbit, presumably of Colonel Joseph Porter's command in Missouri, which occurred some time in the late summer or fall of 1862. The following, referring to the death of Nesbit, is extracted from a letter written in December, 1862, by my great-aunt: "Nicholas Nesbit was shot as a Rebel in Missouri. It seems that when the call was made for all to enroll themselves, Nicholas went off with Porter's Band of Rebels and afterwards disbanded and some kept concealed in the neighborhood where some Federal Scouts found and shot him. His property was confiscated." The disbandment may refer to the scattering of Porter's command after his defeat at Kirksville in August, 1862.

Query: Can any one tell when and where Nesbit was killed, and under what circumstances? Any information will be helpful.

Mrs. Lesba Lewis Thompson

No. 67—Davis' Proclamations Outlawing Union Officers:

Jefferson Davis President, C.S.A., issued a proclamation declaring General Benjamin F. Butler an outlaw.

Query: Were other proclamations or orders issued outlawing high-ranking Federal military and civil officers?

C. Melvin Broome

NOTES

Confederate Flag Captured at Philippi:

A Confederate flag captured at Philippi, West Virginia, on June 3, 1861, in the first land engagement of the war, is being laboriously restored and will fly again—or at least be on display—at the centennial observance at Philippi in June, 1961. The flag is one of the Civil War trophies held by the West Virginia Department of Archives and History, and the careful restoration is being made at the charge of the West Virginia Historical Society. This is a large headquarters flag. Two other flags were captured from the Confederate forces commanded by Colonel George A. Porterfield in the same engagement. After the battle they were sent to the War Department at Washington where they were held until 1905. At that time, under a resolution of Congress, the two flags were restored to Virginia and are now held in the Battle Abbey at Richmond.

Re-enactment of First Bull Run Battle:

With the centennial of the first battle of Bull Run only a year away, plans for an elaborate observance have gone beyond the planning stage. R. U. Darby, in the Hagerstown, Maryland, Civil War Round Table's *Bugle Call* sums up the preliminary plans, which are subject to revision by the Virginia Civil War Centennial Commission, which cover comprehensively the proposed re-enactment. The proposed plans feature the three branches of service and include more than 2,000 infantry, approximately 150 cavalry, and 12 to 15 pieces of artillery on each side.

An unusual part of the engagement is plans for cavalry to be highly active during the three-hour long re-enactment. Once again the thundering hoofs and clashing sabres will be heard at Bull Run. Another feature will be the active manning of fully-charged artillery pieces, consisting of six- and twelve-pound guns, complete with limbers, caissons, and mounted artillery drivers. Ammunition expenditure will exceed 90,000 rounds during the battle. The rattle of musketry fire will be accompanied by burning hay and straw stacks, buildings, wagons, and at least one exploding limber.

The plans call for adequate filming of the entire event which can be preserved for posterity. One or two towers will be built for general motion picture photography. Camouflaged, uniformed motion picture cameramen will be with the troops for close-ups. Authenticity and safety will be carefully maintained during the entire event. Training for the mounted cavalry and artillery troops will start in this summer of 1960.

The re-enactment of the capture of Harpers Ferry by General Stonewall Jackson in September, 1862, just before Antietam, is in the planning stage, though perhaps the first plan to go on the re-enactment drawing board was that for the battle of Antietam. In early 1958 the Military Commission of the Maryland Civil War Centennial Commission drew up its plans, which have been confirmed. In this action the re-enactment will be picked up at Bloody Lane where the Confederates were making a determined stand—an area selected because of its wide scope of view for spectators, approximately a mile and a half of viewing area.

Pension Office Building Proposed as National Shrine:

A proposal to convert the old Pension Office Building in Washington into a national shrine for heroes has had the approval of the National Archivist, the General Services Administration and the National Capital Planning Commission. It is proposed to transform the old building into a National Archives annex for military records dating back to the Revolutionary War. The "Great Hall" in the center of the building, which was used for Presidential inaugural balls from 1885 to 1909, would be

decorated with historic battle flags and emblems of the armed forces, as well as flags of the states. Below each state flag would be that state's "Book of Heroes," listing the names of men distinguished in the nation's wars and those decorated for bravery.

Secretary of War Floyd's Transfer of Arms to South:

[A reply by Donald B. Webster, Jr., University of Rhode Island, Kingston]

Mr. Thomas K. Potter in his letter apparently refuting my statements on John B. Floyd and the Southern arsenals in "The Last Days of Harpers Ferry Armory," (March, 1959; Mr. Potter's letter, March 1960) bases his argument on two points: First, he has quoted a paragraph from Jac Weller's "Imported Confederate Shoulder Arms," (June, 1959) to show that the arms that Secretary John B. Floyd sent South in 1860 were obsolete, and secondly, has followed with a quotation from General Joseph E. Johnston in defense of Secretary Floyd.

First things first. I have no quarrel with Jac Weller, for I know full well that Floyd shipped obsolete arms and have never claimed otherwise. The height of the rafters as a figure of speech is unimportant; the fact that arms were shipped is important. My figures indicate that Secretary Floyd, in his official capacity, ordered the following shipped to the arsenals indicated during 1860:

	M1842	M1822 & Earlier	Rifles
To Charleston, S.C., Arsenal	9,280	5,720	2,000
To Fayetteville, N.C., Arsenal	15,480	9,520	2,000
To Augusta, Ga., Arsenal	12,380	7,620	2,000
To Mount Vernon, Ala., Arsenal	9,280	5,720	2,000
To Baton Rouge, La., Arsenal	18,580	11,420	2,000

The M1842 muskets, some rifled but most smoothbore, were, let us say, obsolescent, having been superseded but not completely replaced by the M1855 rifled musket. The M1822 and earlier arms were flintlocks that had been overhauled and converted to percussion. In general, all can be assumed to have been smoothbores. The rifles included both converted M1817 rifles and the later M1842 rifles, the former obsolete, the latter modern, and both quite effective. In this lot of 115,000 arms very few, if any, of the latest M1855 muskets and rifles were shipped.

All information that I have indicates that the entire lot was actually shipped. These arms were simply transferred within the jurisdiction of the War Department to United States arsenals located in the South, but they were by no means the only arms that Floyd shipped South. For example, during 1860, in addition to the above Floyd sold slightly over 31,000 obsolete muskets, as he was authorized to do under an act of 3 March, 1825. Many of these arms so disposed of seem to have gone South. On 16 November, 1860, 5,000 of these muskets were sold to the

State of Virginia, and on 24 November 10,000 more went to G. B. Lamar of Georgia. Others were sold in smaller lots, but all for \$2.50 each. I believe that many of these muskets wound up in the state arsenals emphasized in Mr. Potter's quotation from Jac Weller's article.

Since I emphatically agree with Jac Weller on the subject of obsolete arms, and I assume with Mr. Potter, no argument exists. However, one point is worth remembering:

The fact that over one-third of the United States arms seized by the Confederacy were obsolete does not indicate that the Confederacy was poorly armed in relation to the Federal government. In 1861 the M1855 rifled muskets were in short supply compared to the need, and the simplified M1861 musket was not even authorized until after the seizure of Harpers Ferry. Many green Union levies were issued M1842 muskets of the same type that Floyd sent South, and any disparity that still existed was, I think, largely cancelled out by the poor Union training and the largely very poor European arms that were issued later under Simon Cameron's administration as Secretary of War.

The bulk of Mr. Potter's letter seems to be given over to the quotation from General Johnston in defense of Floyd. Since I feel that this point is not pertinent to the issue at hand, and has been argued as many times in the past as it will be in the future, I will not dispute the matter at present. I will simply say that regardless of the House investigation and exoneration, I firmly believe that Secretary of War John Floyd was guilty of carefully premeditated treason, and am willing to match evidence on that point.

The Old Flag—A Civil War Camp Newspaper:

[Contributed by C. Richard King, University of Texas, Austin]

As captured Union soldiers crowded eastern confines, officials in the Trans-Mississippi Department, C.S.A., began scouting the territory for additional prison sites. By 1862 a tract of land three and one-half miles northeast of Tyler, Texas, had been approved and the following year a stockade was erected which was named Camp Ford, honoring Captain John S. (Rip) Ford, a leader in the War with Mexico.

The ten-acre prison yard was enclosed by fifteen- to sixteen-foot logs buried two and one-half feet in the ground. Located close by on the outside of the southwest corner a large spring fed the stream that flowed through the prison grounds, furnishing drinking and bathing water for the prisoners. Outside the walls the guards—sixteen on duty during the day and twice that number at night—walked their paths.

Headquarters for the camp consisted of two frame houses located approximately 350 feet southwest of the spring. Mounts for officers were penned near Ray's Creek, near the stockade, and the prison cemetery

was located on the west side. Inside the fence were all types of log houses called "shebangs" by the prisoners. With each prisoner privileged to provide his own shelter the encampment, except for a one-acre parade ground, was almost covered with these structures. Prison rules prohibited the building of dugouts or shelters within thirty feet of the stockade walls, the vacant area serving as a "dead line."

Charles C. Nott recorded his first impression of Camp Ford in *Sketches in Prison Life*. After a memorable meal of "sirloin of roast beef, a large piece of corned sweet potatoes, corn bread and butter, flap-jacks and sauce, tea, coffee and cake," he drew his first glimpse of the prison:

We saw on a side-hill a barn-yard of a place encompassed by a stockade fence fifteen feet high. Within partly burrowed and partly built, was an irregular group of log shanties, small, dark, and dirty.

At times the population of Camp Ford swelled to 4,000 prisoners, the ten-acre plot becoming so crowded that "blue-coated prisoners are swarming within the stockade." That so many prisoners could be sardined within the stockade is not the remarkable thing about Camp Ford. Neither is the fact that the relations between the guards and prisoners remained friendly despite the circumstances. The unusual feature was that a newspaper was printed within its walls. Three issues of *The Old Flag*, a hand-printed, three-column paper, were issued February 17, March 1, and March 13, 1864, by Captain William H. May, 23rd Connecticut Volunteers. Captured in Louisiana in 1863, Captain May was exchanged in 1864, and when he arrived in Union territory he pulled from under his shoulder-straps the three copies of the camp journal. These copies were marred by a damp spot, and when the papers were later copied May inserted a note of explanation in the place where the ink had been removed.

The aim of the camp paper was to mitigate the horror of prison life, to lessen suffering, and to "contribute as far as possible toward enlivening the monotonous, and at times unbearable eventless life at Camp Ford, and to cultivate a mutual good feeling between all." That these aims as set out by Captain May were realized is attested by Nott.

Lettering in *The Old Flag*, though formed with a steel pen, was in excellent imitation of printing. The masthead of the first number contained shaded block, large and small, capital letters. The masthead of the second issue was more ornate, with a flag, shield, anchor, artist's easel, and a three-drawer desk on which rested an ink bottle and scroll. A package, barrel, and T-square and compasses completed the drawing, into which was woven the name, *The Old Flag*. The head of the third issue sought to imitate Gothic type.

The size of headlines varied. Page one of Number 2, for instance, carried an art heading "The Celebration" over a story about the Washington birthday observance in the prison yard, and an art heading over a poem titled "Washington." The complete first page of the March 13 issue was devoted to a piece of fiction about life at Camp Ford; the six chapters were introduced with initial letters.

Inside pages of the papers were not without decoration. One issue carried a map of the prison yard; another carried a sketch of "Sutler's Store," a one-room shack with a wooden chimney.

Terms of subscription were published in the first issue: \$5.00 in advance per year. Advertisements cost \$1.00 per square for each insertion; \$1.50 for each two square insertions, and \$4.00 per column. "Marriages and deaths inserted free," the editor wrote. Willingness to accept produce in lieu of cash "in order to render payments more easy for our patrons" was announced. Acceptable produce included "Lincoln coffee, green or black tea, spices, butter, beans, cheese, Irish potatoes, rice, saleratus, fine-cut of Killikenick tobacco, wines, liquors, or segars." Issue Number 2 indicated that two copies to one address would be delivered for \$3.00, and a single copy "delivered by courier" was priced at 25 cents.

In the initial issue Captain May wrote that "contributions [were] solicited and if used will be paid for in orders on the Q.M. at Tyler, Texas." In the second number he mentioned that "all communications intended for publication must be accompanied by the real name and address of the writer, simply as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the author. We cannot undertake to return rejected M.S."

Although not formally listed as one of the purposes of *The Old Flag*, the publication did reflect the life at Camp Ford. An item in the first issue told of the purchase of a violin from a guard for \$100 Confederate (equal to \$10.00 in greenbacks), and a banjo made by the Messrs. Mars & Co. as the nucleus for a band. The article mentioned "the addition of a singing club, plus excellent public speakers" for the Washington birthday observance. Another number noted that lessons on the banjo were offered by R. W. Mars, who had served on the gunboat "Diana."

That writing occupied the leisure moments of the Union soldiers is suggested by other items. One story headed "New Books" may have been written in jest or it may have been based on some whimsical writing being done in camp. It announced a work of rare scientific interest then in press, titled *An Investigation into the Cause of Old Age in Mules, and Suggestions as to the Remedy*, by G. Dillingham, late U.S.N. Additional writing was encouraged. A prize in the "magnificent sum of Five Thousand Dollars" was offered for the best original story of not less than three nor more than five columns of the *Flag*. The prize, it was said,

would be awarded "two years after conclusion of the present war, in Confederate money."

That participation in lotteries was general is suggested by a warning that bogus gambling schemes were being practiced. "Not only is this the most complete species of gambling, but there is not even the usual degree of fairness exhibited; those who give the articles in two-thirds of the cases, draw the prizes themselves." Editor May promised to expose the swindles if they were not stopped. But whether the lotteries ceased or whether exposure came, the editor failed to inform his readers.

The issue of March 1 carried an advertisement for the "First Annual Ball" on Park Square. Floor managers were Lt. Col. J. B. Leake, Major R. C. Anthony, Lt. W. Johnson, and Captain W. P. Coe, and music was promised by the Yankee Band. The final issue announced a "Grand Masquerade and Fancy-Dress Ball" to be held on March 19 at Park Square, with "good music by the Ford City Band and the Fiddler guaranteed strictly temperate!"

All in all, the camp newspaper carried a balanced offering of reading material, sprinkled liberally with humorous pieces. Popular as fillers were riddles which were usually built around some Confederate theme, and there was the country correspondence column in the style of the small town newspaper back home. On the literary level the poem entitled "Washington," written and delivered by Lt. Col. Duganne on February 22, 1864, was printed in its entirety. "High-Bird: or, The League of Blood," fiction describing the "mysteries and miseries of Ford City, Texas" appeared in the last number. Chapter One was titled "The Midnight Prowler," and Chapter Six was headed "The Res Q." The author was named "Meight, D. K."

Many of the items published as straight news were high in editorial content. Many of the advertisements were adorned with art work. "Anthony's Yankee-Blackening at Steven's Drugstore" was announced with a sketch of a boot. C. Bailey, "professional hair-cutter, located at the corner of 5th Avenue & Soap Street" had a barber pole to set it apart. Other advertisements called attention to "segars" on sale at No. 1, Park Row; to Dr. David Hershey, physician and surgeon and to soap manufactured by H. Hay-Ley.

A review of the Texas markets indicated that ashes (soda) were bringing \$4.00 per hundred pounds; whiskey, single drink at Houston, \$5.00; small turkeys sold at \$6.00 apiece; and "segars" brought \$2.50.

In the final number Captain May wrote that upon arriving in New York City he would investigate the possibility of having copies of the paper lithographed. "Should it not be too expensive," he wrote, "we shall print with types as nearly similar to the letters penned by us as can be procured, with headings and illustrations engraved."

A Letter From Georgia:

[Contributed by Dr. Leo M. Kaiser, Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois]

One Union soldier from Indiana, Lew Wallace, would after the war write some fine English prose. Another from the same state, David Frazier, probably would not. In the course of researches at the Chicago Historical Society I happened upon what may very well be the sole surviving composition of Private Frazier. It is, in a different way from Wallace's work, a gem of writing.

Frazier was mustered in late (January 16, 1864) as a recruit for the 72nd Indiana Volunteers, Company I, Robert A. Vance, Captain. The lad demonstrates in his letter both the exuberance of youth and the confident Union soldier sniffing victory as he marches towards Atlanta. The 72nd had a fight with Confederate pickets on the outskirts of Big Shanty, Georgia, on June 9, 1864,¹ and in the letter which follows Frazier gives an accurate account of the clash. The breezy, home-spun style of his missive with its lacing of humor and pathos is, I believe, sufficient justification for printing it.

In editing the letter I have added punctuation marks only where it seemed vital. Frazier's spellings have been reproduced exactly. My sincere thanks go to the Chicago Historical Society for permission to publish this letter. Miss Margaret Scriven, Librarian, and her staff have extended every courtesy.

Georga, Nere big Shanty
June the 14—1864

Mutch respected friends,

I am well at present, hoping those few lines may find you all well. we air a havein a very good time here. we air stil a working on old Jonson. old Grant says if Shearman will onley hold Jonson five days more, then he is all right. and I think that we can hold him as long as we pleas. we air a laying on our oars, a waiting for the word. we had a little chase after them a few days ago. we formed in line of battle and marched out in frount of there brest works and was to fiar fore rounds a peac to see what was their and then seese firing. but when the orders come to sease firing, the right wing of the 72 got broke of from the rest of the regmant so that the right didnt here the order, and they saw the Joney rebs getting out from their works. those on the right broke for them and the offersas coodant make them stop, so they told them to go it, and they did go it. we charge them for about three miles and they had five lines of brest works to fall behind. our loss was very light, one man kiled and ten or twelve wounded, fore wounded in the seventy second. Our men strung out about one hundred and fifty yards long, that is, from the rear to the frount, and just kept up a constance firing, a shooting as we run. we plugite to some of them I am sartain, for I saw for of them as I run. they was all ded but one, and he had his intrals shot out. well I must tel you that Henary Clark² was cap-

¹ Benjamin F. McGee, *History of the 72nd Volunteer Infantry*, (Lafayette, Indiana, 1895) pp. 309-310.

² William Henry Clark of Company I, was captured and sent to Andersonville Prison, where he died. See *Ibid.*, p. 308.

tured about six days ago, and we havent heard anything of him, but we dont suppose he is hurt, for we found his horse and the horse was shot, so I suppose he surrenderd.

well I dont know what to right, for I here so mutch nuse and so little of it true, but I can tell you one thing, that we air a making very good progress ever since we have started out on this campaign. We have whip them all the time and have drove them a good ways from where we started them, and we have never had to fall back yet. we have a bigger arma then they have, and a large portion of our arma has got those spensor guns, and they air the ones that makes them guit up and skedaddle for sweet life. they dont know what to think of them. they think that we wind our guns up at night and then they air redy to shoot all the next day.

well I guess that is a nough of that.

you can larn more from the papers then I can tell you—the boys is all well as far as I know and in good sperits and is very anctious to see this little war plaid out so that they can come home again. Robard A. Vance is our capton, and he never tells his boys the truth if [he] can think of a ly.

well Hannah if you see raichel tell her that her feller is a little down in the heel—and I think if he could here from her or get a littles offiner, it would do him a graiteal of good.

Well I guess that I will quit for this time, but I should like to guit a letter from some of you once and a while, for it has bin some time sinse I have got any letter. right soon and let me know what [is] a going on. so good by from

David Frazier

well Joseph I want you to be a good boy, for I think that I will come hom as son as this campaign is over, and I shoudant like to here of you being a bad boy, but it would please me the best [?] in the world to here that you was the best boy about there. I want you to right to me if you pleas.

BOOK REVIEWS

Wearing of the Gray, Being Personal Portraits, Scenes and Adventures of the War. By John Esten Cooke. Edited with an introduction and notes by Philip Van Doren Stern. (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1959. Pp. xxii, 572. \$7.50.)

Wearing of the Gray, is one of the finest, most charming of Confederate reminiscences. John Esten Cooke's accounts of life in the Army of Northern Virginia ring with the truth of intimate association. That they are strongly prejudiced, deeply pro-Confederate is no hazard but simply the reflection of a genuine aspect of Confederate army life.

Cooke, as J. E. B. Stuart's ordnance officer and unofficial aide-de-camp, was in a peculiarly advantageous position to observe life in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was also a professional author of considerable reputation. These qualifications give his wartime sketches a combination of validity and vitality almost unmatched in the literature of the Civil War. As a contemporaneous Confederate publisher wrote of Cooke in connection with his *The Life of Stonewall Jackson*: "Everybody can tell in the twinkling of an eye, the vast difference between the narrative of a person who has seen what he describes, and that of a person who obtains his knowledge at second hand. Major Cooke, moreover, is a master of a lively style, excels in description, and was in every way the proper person to produce a lively, popular history of the great warrior."

The strength of Cooke's book, however, is also its weakness. Most of the sketches in it were written for *The Southern Illustrated News* of Richmond during the course of the war itself. As published there they are fresh, lively accounts of Confederate soldiering. After the war these sketches were collected, hastily reworked and toned down, and supplemented with additional essays to produce *Wearing of the Gray*. Although *Wearing of the Gray* therefore does include considerable material that does not appear in Cooke's contributions to *The Southern Illustrated News*, the sketches as first printed are a fresher, more honest approach to the war than Cooke ever again achieved. The bitterness and vitriol that were valid expressions of Confederate attitudes are edited out of the postwar publication. As they appear in the *Wearing of the Gray* the sketches are too heavily romantic, too near the style and manner of the author's romances of the war, *Surry of Eagle's Nest*, *Mohun*, *Hilt to Hilt*.

The University of Indiana Press's inclusion of *Wearing of the Gray* in its

Civil War Centennial Series can be applauded. The press has performed a genuine service in making this important and relatively scarce book again available. It is arguable, however, that the press might have performed an even better service by republishing Cooke's sketches as they were originally written. In their original vitality and freshness Cooke's "Outlines from the Outpost" (their first title) are available only in scattered files of *The Southern Illustrated News*. They constitute an interesting and important Civil War text that is more than scarce; it is truly rare.

Applause must be withheld too from the press's selection of its editor of *Wearing of the Gray*. Philip Van Doren Stern writes charmingly, but he apparently wastes little time in research. A little deeper research into the background of *Wearing of the Gray* would not have been wasted time. The editor would have easily discovered, for example, that the "Confederate scout referred to only as Frank S. _____" was Frank Stringfellow, subject of two biographies in his own right. He would, even if the text of Cooke's own work had been read with care, have realized that the fictional "Captain Darrell" and the real William Downs Farley were one and the same person. He would have avoided the insertion of at least two errors in the skimpy notes to Cooke's text. He would have known the proper form of the title of *Surry of Eagle's Nest*. He would have learned that relevant unpublished material is readily available in at least one major library. And he would have produced a far better book.

RICHARD HARWELL

Chicago, Illinois.

Lincoln Finds a General: A Military Study of the Civil War. Volume V.: Prelude to Chattanooga. By Kenneth P. Williams. (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1959. Pp. 395. \$7.50.)

WERE THERE AN HISTORIAN'S Arlington in which Kenneth P. Williams could rest, I would guess that he would have chosen this phrase as an inscription for his site: "The battle is the payoff." In this, the fifth of a projected seven-volume study of Grant's rise to command, Williams' decade-long battle with the endless obstacles in the way of a broad recreation of the battles of the Civil War has again paid off. The devotion with which he conducted that fight, the investments of time, energy, and thought which he gladly made, have given us a vast picture drawn in infinite detail and executed with noteworthy care. In *Lincoln Finds a General*, Williams built a monument worthy of his subject and of himself.

The method he employed entranced many readers and exacerbated others. For Williams determined against "flitting from great battle to great battle." Instead, he filled his chapters with careful descriptions of smaller engagements leading up to and resulting from the climactic combats, and paid perhaps undue attention to logistical elements involved in troop movements and communications. He was convinced that "... unless one knows about the minor campaigns and operations that were a necessary basis for the great

campaigns, . . . and about the marches, the railroad and river movements, and about the way the all-important problems of supply were handled, . . . one's knowledge of the war is pitifully circumscribed."

As a result of this scheme, the narrative is complex, demanding close attention on the part of the reader. But no one should be discouraged by the masses of detail which Williams chose to record, however curious he might be as to why the author thought it necessary to comment on the numbers of American towns named "Milton." Most of the thickets of detail are more relevant than this, and are worth fighting through for the insights and judgments they contain, and for the flashes of humor, often barbed humor, that enliven the whole.

With Williams as an endlessly patient guide, one participates in military actions barely mentioned in most studies on Civil War battles. The reader is concerned with Tennessee raids, Fort Hudson, Little Rock and Helena, as well as with Chickamauga, and in this volume finds more on Rosecrans than on Grant. To be sure, Williams' method has its faults. The detailed reporting on minor clashes of arms sometimes obscures the pattern of major developments, and too many junior officers parade the pages in brief appearances. But Williams' artistry of organization, and generous definition of what military history should be, brings the whole together. The Arkansas actions, one realizes, help to seal off the western Confederacy, and as the volume ends, Rosecrans' disaster at Chickamauga returns the play to Grant.

It comes together for another reason deriving from Williams' method. In his research he went behind the second-guessing of formal reports and reminiscences, to find descriptions of events as close as possible in time to the actions discussed. He extracted a sense of participation, of immediacy, of life itself, from his sources, and succeeds in transmitting this vital element of personality.

Despite criticisms from reviewers of the earlier volumes of this series, Williams here made no effort to curtail his propensity for moralizing and partisanship. As ever, his heroes are stainless and the villains unspeakable. No doubt Quantrill was a "human fiend." But Williams used vitriol when describing a council of war in which, by balloting, Rosecrans' subordinate officers decided him against an attack. Rosecrans was at fault here; as Halleck retorted: "Councils of war never fight." But the tone of Williams' account overstates the fault and offers no balance. Williams saw Rosecrans' function as a kind of auxiliary to Grant's attack on Vicksburg. Acceptance of this level of co-ordination among Civil War commanders was yet to come.

On the other hand, Williams has led in the rehabilitation of Halleck. His accounts of the smooth operation of the Washington team the war had developed—Lincoln, Stanton, Halleck, and Meigs—will surprise many who are still addicted to older views of thoughtless and damaging interferences with military operations from the capital. Only Grant is needed to fill the roster of highest command, and Williams has brought him close to that point. The task should now be taken up, and brought to completion.

Taken together, this volume betrays few evidences that Williams' last illnesses adversely affected the quality of his work. I would guess that the index,

listing Stanton's first name as Edward, was posthumously assembled. Williams was more careful in this volume than in earlier ones concerning the use of the best of alternative texts for documents when several were available, and in the fullness of the bibliography.

It is singularly appropriate that Allan Nevins' presidential address last December to the American Historical Association was a warm plea for the "professional" historian to welcome the "amateur" to the ranks of those seeking after truth. Williams loved his work as an amateur should, but he was a professional in the best sense of the word.

HAROLD M. HYMAN

University of California at Los Angeles.

The Web of Conspiracy. By Theodore Roscoe. (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., Pp. 502. \$10.00.)

THIS BOOK IS UNDENIABLY the most comprehensive study of Lincoln's assassination which has so far been written, or is likely to be written in the foreseeable future. The author has diligently assembled most of the known facts, combined them with his own research, and thereby has produced a rather voluminous but readable account of the greatest tragedy in American history.

Ever since the secret records of the War Department have been thrown open to the public, many historians have gone over these priceless pages. The first ones, of course, grabbed the bulk of the cream, and left very little of it for those who followed in their wake. Roscoe therefore rightly took much material from his predecessors, to whom he gives due credit. But in the opinion of this critic he erred in publishing a wealth of irrelevant material which they had not considered interesting enough to use. Citing the case-histories of a multitude of suspects, for instance, including those who were quickly discharged, and reporting at length the interrogations which others have either abbreviated or disregarded, he established a more complete record than heretofore printed; but he also loaded his book up with so much ballast that its essential parts are almost buried under it.

A few slight errors should be pointed out. It was not the stagehand Spangler, but the actor Chester who was to turn off the theater lights in the first abduction plot. Not Doctors Leale, Taft, and King, but Dr. Leale alone placed the dying President on the floor and tried to revive him. Roscoe also is mistaken in stating that Herold's request of Dr. Mudd for road information makes no sense. When the two travelers arrived at the doctor's house, they told him they were headed for Washington, so as to allay any suspicions that they were involved in the assassination; but what they really wanted were directions to the roads leading south. Therefore Herold concocted the fairy tale that they expected to find a boat farther south to take them north to the capital. A look at the map, showing a big bend in the Potomac, makes it clear that this story was not unreasonable. Far less plausible is the author's speculation that Andrew Johnson may have been given drugged brandy on the day of his inauguration as vice-president. His conjectures about the name of the colored maid in

the Surratt household, whether it was Susan Mahoney or Susan Jackson also seem a waste of time. She was Susan Mahoney in 1865, and married a man named Jackson between then and 1867. Still another "mystery," why Susan spun a fancy yarn in 1865, but did not repeat it in 1867, has an equally easy solution: In 1865 she was paid \$250 for her testimony, but two years later there was no promise of a reward held out to her. Roscoe next wonders needlessly how it was possible for the Baltimore Provost Marshal to arrest two of the conspirators so quickly. Again the explanation should not be hard to find, considering that the War Department must have known their identity through Wiechmann's previous disclosures.

A minor error concerns Major Rathbone, who is said to have taken up residence in Germany. This is incorrect. He was on his way to a German spa, and was spending the night in a hotel at Hanover, when he became insane and killed his wife. As to Roscoe's oblique surmise that Mrs. Lincoln's impoverishment might have been due to blackmail, there is nothing to indicate it, nor is it at all probable.

On the other hand, Roscoe puts forth some new and intriguing hypotheses which deserve attention. One of the best is that Booth was anxious to rid himself of his co-conspirators after they had fulfilled their assignments. The obvious clues in Atzerodt's hotel room, he thinks, were planted to assure his arrest and conviction. Paine too was expendable, after he had turned Seward's residence into shambles; and Herold, who was supposed to be Paine's guide out of Washington, did not lose his nerve, as had been generally assumed, but purposely left his co-conspirator behind, to be picked up by the police.

The author likewise makes a valid and novel suggestion, when he asks why the editor of the *Middleton Whig Press*, who reported Lincoln's assassination before it happened, had not been interrogated.

By sound logic Roscoe arrived at some additional conclusions which have escaped others, including this critic. Discussing the testimony of Richard Montgomery at the Conspiracy trial, he points out that the witness, a Northern government spy, had reported to his superiors in January, 1865, that Lincoln's life was in danger. Either Montgomery lied, in which case the judges should have thrown out his testimony as worthless; or, if he spoke the truth, they should have asked the War Department why it had not taken proper precautions. Unfortunately, the author remarks dryly, the War Department was not on trial for the murder of Lincoln.

Contrariwise, it is difficult to go along with Roscoe's assumption that John Surratt was not only cognizant of the kidnapping plan, but also was a party to the murder plot. It is still more difficult to connect his mother with either, all the author's arguments to the contrary notwithstanding.

In one paragraph Roscoe makes a peculiar statement: "To this day nobody knows why Judge Holt, [the Chief Prosecutor in the Conspiracy trial] elicited the faked testimony of felons." It seems "the height of folly," he declares and jeopardized the entire proceeding. Yet the explanation may be found on the author's own pages: Holt, who had no case at all, used perjured testimony, since honest testimony for his unsupported charges was unobtainable.

Among the many unnecessary portions of the book are those dealing with

Lincoln's religious beliefs, which certainly had nothing to do with the case. Equally superfluous are those devoted to whether Booth escaped and died much later a suicide at Enid, Oklahoma. The story is trite, makes for an anticlimax, and causes the volume to end on a flat note.

The illustrations of the book are nothing to brag about. The pertinency of some is debatable, such as a sample of Herold's handwriting and the "Jorgen letter," while others smack of sensationalism. The author seems to have scraped the bottom of the picture barrel, and took what he could find, without proper discrimination. A smaller number, judiciously selected, would have been more effective.

All in all, it cannot be said that Roscoe's work has greatly enlarged our existing knowledge of Lincoln's death. Much of it is repetitious, and his own researches were not numerous enough, nor were they directed at vital spots. Whether Susan's name was Mahoney or Jackson is less important than whether Stanton, at whom the author points an accusing finger, was in contact with the conspirators, and if so, how this contact was established. Whether Andrew Jackson was drugged on March 4, 1865, or whether Booth double-crossed his helpers, is less interesting than whether the Vice-President was involved in the murder plot. That Booth and his band tried to waylay Lincoln on his way to a theatrical performance is well known, but Roscoe offers no opinion as to the identity of the man who occupied the carriage. Nevertheless, even though he did not come up with many new or important discoveries, he did better in this respect than other historians who have dealt with this subject during the past twenty years, very few of whom have come up with any worthwhile new material or theory at all.

And so, even after adding Roscoe's book to the existing literature on the subject, Lincoln's assassination still remains, in many of its aspects, an unsolved mystery.

OTTO EISENSCHMID

Chicago, Illinois.

Abraham Lincoln Versus Jefferson Davis. By Irving Werstein. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1959. Pp. xii, 272. \$5.00.)

THE TITLE OF THIS BOOK is a misnomer. One is led to expect a study of Lincoln and Davis as practitioners of political warfare. What an exciting story could have been told of the political warfare between these two leaders! One thinks of their struggles to maintain the morale and even the loyalty of the peoples of the North and South. One recalls Lincoln's attempts to break the Confederate hold upon the people of the South and Davis' efforts to create war-weariness in the North. Then, there was the political contest for the Border States and the struggle to influence European attitudes. The story could have been filled with such notable examples of political warfare as the Emancipation Proclamation and the Southern response, Ben Butler's Woman Order and its use as an atrocity story by Davis and Southern propagandists, and even Lincoln's early political victory in the Fort Sumter incident.

Instead of a study in political warfare, the author has attempted to show how the Civil War affected Lincoln and Davis and their capitals, Washington and Richmond. Lincoln and Davis never come to grips as antagonists. What emerges is a familiar picture, drawn largely from secondary sources and done in an impressionistic style that accents the purple patches. It should hardly be a matter for surprise that both capitals were crowded in wartime and that among the crowds could be found office-seekers, lobbyists, and contractors. Readers may be titillated to learn that gambling houses and scarlet women existed in the wartime capitals, but the importance of vice is easily overdone. As far as the combatants were concerned, vice was important only to the extent that it acted as an anodyne to jangled nerves, diverted resources, or added to the medical problems of the services.

One may doubt that "mountains" of luxury goods were brought into the Confederacy through the blockade. Quantities of goods of that proportion would no longer remain in the category of luxury goods. That the South could only import luxury goods would indicate the efficacy of the blockade; moreover, luxury goods had a high value for a small bulk and were easier to smuggle ashore. One may also indicate fatigue with the oft-repeated criticism of the mobilization difficulties and scandals of both contestants. What is amazing is not the scandals of the mobilization period, but the speed with which both the North and the South raised, trained, equipped, and moved large bodies of men into battle. If it is worthy of note that the North had from the beginning a strategic concept that eventually led to victory, it is also notable that the South in a few months fashioned a governmental apparatus that carried on large-scale resistance for four long, bitter years in the face of a determined offensive by a superior power. It has been the fashion to elevate the Southern generals—Lee in particular—and to denigrate Davis and the Confederate Congress in an effort to excuse or explain the Southern defeat in terms of the devil theory of history. A more reasonable explanation is that in a war of attrition the side with the greater resources will in the end triumph.

One gets the impression that the author had a longer book in mind and that for some reason he made a hurried ending. About nine-tenths of the book deals with the first two years of the war; the last two years are slapped together. In spite of the author's efforts to emphasize Lincoln, Davis, and the two capitals, he has produced a superficial popularization of the early years of the Civil War. Those readers who enjoyed his account of the draft riots in New York City will be disappointed with this potboiler.

RODNEY C. LOEHR

University of Minnesota.

Mr. Lincoln's General U. S. Grant. An Illustrated Autobiography. Edited and arranged by Roy Meredith. (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1959. Pp. 252. \$6.95.)

IN RECENT YEARS it is fortunate that a much needed re-assessment of Gen. U. S. Grant has been going on. The result has been to restore Grant to his proper

position and remove some of the tarnish that had piled on his figure over the years. It was therefore inevitable that a picture history of the general should be produced. Roy Meredith, whose most valuable contribution in the Civil War field has been in the illustrative branch, recognized the need for such a volume. However, in the case of Grant this task appears to have been difficult; for while there are many pictures of the general available, they are apparently not sufficient in quantity nor in subject value to comprise a full volume.

The author has adopted an interesting and challenging technique. After an introduction, there is a necessarily sharply abridged text taken from the *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant*. This outline of his life from his own words is as well condensed, probably, as it can be. It is a pity, in a way, that this could not have been a longer book with more of the original text left intact.

To illuminate this text the author has illustrated it with many pictures. These are not all of Grant by any means and one wonders if some are sufficiently pertinent to merit inclusion. It is a type of picture history of the country from before the Mexican War through the Civil War, with an emphasis on Grant. The illustrations are well chosen, for the most part, although particularly in the early pages there are some unidentified artistic concepts of life at the time that seem to bear no connection with the general. The Mexican War receives especial emphasis; in fact over half of the book is devoted to the pre-Civil War period.

It is regrettable that the author did not cover Grant's entire life, as the picture possibilities of the presidency and later years are intriguing. But, of course, this was impossible if the *Memoirs* were to be used as the main text.

The volume offers little to the serious Civil War hobbyist or student. It is primarily a book for the average reader, giving him probably all he needs of Grant's *Memoirs* plus the advantages of pictorial color. Also, it is sensibly and agreeably priced for a picture book. On the other hand, the title is getting a bit war-weary. Why is it necessary to continually trade on "Mr. Lincoln's General" or some such variation of the same thing? Grant can stand on his own.

While all history writing usually contains some errors, and it is petty for a reviewer to carp at them if they are minor and few in number, this book, unfortunately, contains several of importance. For instance, one picture speaks in the caption of "Both of General Grant's sons" when he had three. And there are other similar slips in what is a relatively short book. One might question the use of printed text of Grant's "unconditional surrender" messages on unnumbered page 184 when the manuscripts of them are reproduced in the *Memoirs*.

But the less informed reader will receive a reasonably balanced account of Grant as a general, plus a number of Civil War pictures some of which are not too closely connected with the subject.

The author's introduction is a stimulating essay analyzing Grant's true greatness as a general. A lot is summed up in the phrase, "quiet and profound ability." But even this generally sound and well written outline of Grant's life and summation of his abilities contains statements many historians will question.

There was a need for a picture life of Grant and it is probable that added time spent on this volume could have eliminated errors and made it more of a

contribution to Civil War scholarship. But it certainly possesses value, particularly for the younger or more inexperienced reader. In a preface, William Kaland observes, "It would be a great contribution to history if the facts be separated from the fancy and, once for all, diminish the evil myths surrounding a great man." In this Mr. Meredith has performed a distinct service for many readers who have sad misconceptions regarding one of our country's Great Captains.

E. B. LONG

Oak Park, Illinois.

A Compendium of the War of the Rebellion. By Frederick H. Dyer. With an introduction by Bell Irvin Wiley. (New York: Thomas Yoseloff, 1959. Pp. 1,796. 3 volumes, boxed. \$30.00.)

FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY one of the most sought-after works in Civil War literature has been the massive Federal anthology known popularly as "Dyer's Compendium." Because it approaches encyclopedic dimensions in listing and describing Northern units, campaigns, and losses, and because nothing akin to it has ever been done—or attempted, the work is recognized as one of the most important single volumes ever written on the 1861-1865 period.

Thomas Yoseloff has now made this indispensable guide more available with a new and attractive three-volume edition. For this republication Dr. Bell I. Wiley, one of the foremost Civil War scholars of our times, has written an enlightening and enriching introduction. The total product is a welcomed work for anyone who has more than a superficial interest in the military campaigns of the war and the men in blue who fought them.

The *Compendium* is divided into three sections. Part I treats of numbers and organization; compositions and leaders of departments, armies, corps, divisions and brigades; locations of national cemeteries; and sketches arranged numerically by states. In this last category will be found brief descriptions of no less than 2,494 regiments, 126 battalions, and 939 batteries and independent companies. A listing of over 900 regiments that suffered more than fifty casualties in the war is also presented. In Part II are lists of engagements and losses arranged by both state and chronology. Over 10,400 conflicts are arranged by actions, battles, campaigns, expeditions, raids, sieges, etc. As Dr. Wiley points out, owing to some duplication the number of Civil War clashes is probably closer to 8,700. The larger section of the *Compendium*, Part III, contains detailed summaries of the Federal regiments, batteries, battalions, and individual companies who worked with independence. These sketches tell not only where the units were organized, where they fought, and when they were mustered out of service, but also the commands of which they were a part and the losses they incurred in the war.

Dyer himself was as unique as the work that he produced. At the age of fourteen he ran away from school and enlisted as a musician in the 7th Connecticut Infantry under the pseudonym, "Frederick H. Metzger." Scanty war records indicate that he was a faithful soldier. After the war he wandered

about the country as a printer and, around 1903, settled down in Des Moines for the last eight years of his life. During five of those years Dyer worked constantly on his *Compendium*.

Although he reworked some sections of the book as many as seven times, the very scope of the study would make some errors expected, if not natural. A few omissions exist; one or two numerical figures are less than they should be. (For example, Dyer's computations put the total number of Federal deaths in the war at 359,258 though the accepted figure today is 360,022 men.) He examined hundreds of original muster rolls, talked with thousands of veterans, and examined all available printed sources, including the 128 volumes of the *Official Records*. But above all else, it must be borne in mind that this work of almost 1,800 double-columned pages was done by Dyer alone. As a result, Dr. Wiley states, "it is unquestionably the most valuable Civil War reference work compiled by one author."

If, from the more than 40,000 books treating of the Civil War, one wished to acquire the ten most useful volumes, *A Compendium of the War of the Rebellion* should be one of them. Archivists, researchers, and writers have consulted it constantly for what it is: a dictionary of Federal units and actions. With the *Bibliography of State Participation in the Civil War* Dyer's compilation forms the two best reference works on the struggle of the 1860's. We Southerners can but lament the fact that no similar compendium exists for the Confederacy.

JAMES I. ROBERTSON, JR.

State University of Iowa.

The Civil War Dictionary. By Mark M. Boatner, III. (New York: David McKay. Pp. 974. \$15.00.)

THIS IS A DIFFICULT BOOK to appraise, or even to define. In the literal sense, it is more of an encyclopedia ("a comprehensive summary of a branch of knowledge") than it is a dictionary (a definition of "words or phrases used in any system or province of knowledge"), and the author in the introduction refers to it as a "reference work." Yet, in defining its purpose, Colonel Boatner writes that "the emphasis is on inclusiveness rather than comprehensiveness" . . . (and) . . . "is designed more to point the way to further research than to attempt to be the ultimate source book of Civil War history." The difficulty lies in finding the line which divides ultimate from non-ultimate.

The book is addressed to "the researcher and the serious student" rather than to "the casual reader." As most intense students of the Civil War are disparate in their knowledge, concentrating upon one phase to the relative neglect of others, this reference book would offer no help at all in any area of special knowledge. For the field in which the student's knowledge was superficial, or his interest slight, the book would be useful on statistical data, such as dates; but, partly because of compression, there are none of the emphases or evaluations which would give fullness of impression of either events or personalities.

On personalities, Colonel Boatner writes, "if you want a biographical sketch," that "a general encyclopedia or biographical dictionary" is "the place

to look." Yet, in devoting more than half his book to people, he never gives any hint of where these sketches can be found. Certainly the *Dictionary of American Biography* is most incomplete and not always accurate, and tracing down Confederate brigadiers was hopelessly time-consuming until the recently published and extremely valuable *Generals in Gray*, by Ezra J. Warner.

In comparison, this *Dictionary* is very non-ultimate on personalities, where the brevity can give false impressions. As illustration, Ewell and Seddon were in poor health, but that was not the reason Ewell was transferred out of the Army of Northern Virginia nor why Seddon resigned as Secretary of War. G. W. Smith, to whom the author unaccountably devotes a full column and another reference, is never caught precisely in his nebulous functions around Richmond.

Incomprehensibly the city of Richmond receives no direct treatment at all, though there is a weak account of the defensive structure at the capital. The defensive structure of Richmond is an involved study, due to the departmentalization so dear to the heart of the Confederate administration, but surely a reference work would be the place for a full treatment of the citadel which was fought over for four years. Not even Henley's "boys" and the old men were mentioned with the Local Defense Troops, nor the fact that most of the clerk's battalion were semi-invalided veterans. The reference to the so-called spy, Miss Van Lew, is badly inaccurate; she was not of "a prominent Richmond family," but of a family who came to Richmond from Philadelphia.

Mistakes may be few; with more than 2,000 entries, some time would be required to go through them all; but one that jumped out were two Confederate generals, Hunter and Jennings, listed as wounded at the Wilderness. Jennings might be a near miss on Rock Benning, but no Hunter was on the roster of Lee's army. I have always thought it unfair for a reviewer to list a couple of trivial errors as indicating "hasty research," and damning as untrustworthy a book which otherwise might be widely sound and very illuminating. On the other hand, a dictionary that is to serve as a reference work should be infallible. There is no interpretation, no narrative, none of the broad vision and intensity of projecting in ideas and pictures which cause those little lapses that make the day for the nit-pickers. This is all factual, and factual material is required to consist of indisputable facts. To repeat: There may be few inaccuracies, but any can shake that full confidence with which one goes to Webster's *New International*.

In summation, the book is useful with reservations, but for what it suggests, the *Dictionary* is definitely a disappointment. Its bibliography is so far from being "ultimate" that it is the antithesis: It is a beginner, a primer, with some strange inclusions at that. Colonel Boatner, a West Point graduate and professional soldier, is at his best in factual accounts of battles and items on fire-arms. Looking at what he has achieved and what he has not achieved, it seems likely that this undertaking, despite his impressive list of acknowledgments is not a one-man job. This might serve as a suggestion to some of the Civil War Centennial groups in search of some way to commemorate; at least, it can't be re-enacted.

CLIFFORD DOWDEY

Richmond, Virginia.

Stonewall's Man: Sandie Pendleton. By W. G. Bean. (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1959. Pp. viii, 252. \$5.00)

TO READ THIS SLIM VOLUME is to go back a century to Civil War Virginia and know some of the men and women who lived and died there. For the student of war, the book offers little in the military line (alluding to tactics and strategy in his preface, the author asserts that "... Freeman has exhausted this subject."); its value lies in analysis of the intimate aspects of war and in its insights into the impact of the conflict on Virginia society. With scholarship and discrimination, Dr. Bean, professor of history at Washington and Lee University, has shadowed forth the past largely in the words of the men and women who experienced it. The flavor is Victorian as well as Virginian. Wide use of contemporary letters and diaries helps in this direction, and the attitudes and style of the author are in tune with his materials.

Alexander Swift Pendleton lived from September 28, 1840, to September 23, 1864, dying of wounds after Fisher's Hill. His life was distinguished by no great literary, political, or military accomplishments; death denied him achievement of the intellectual and religious goals he had set for himself. He is representative of the upper stratum of a generation taken by the war, used and trampled down by it. His supreme achievement was the manner in which he executed his duties as a member of Stonewall Jackson's staff, the member closest to the great commander, the only one Jackson ever addressed by his Christian name.

This biography is important not so much for what it says about Sandie Pendleton, Jackson's "chief of staff," as for what it shows of the way his society faced the war and was swallowed up by it. The war was something to be endured and won, but few details of combat and campaign appear. Rather, Dr. Bean has followed the main threads in Pendleton's life as Sandie himself wrote them down in his letters. Supporting these, the author has made judicious use of the diaries, letters, and memoirs of Sandie's close associates and relatives, notably Henry Kyd Douglas, Jedediah Hotchkiss, and William Nelson Pendleton, his father. The result is a revealing reconstruction of Virginia society as it met the war with blind courage in the face of recurring disaster and loss.

Most poignantly revealing are the chapters dealing with the romance between Sandie and Kate Corbin. Here is the tragedy etched most sharply: The tides of war brought them together at Moss Neck for a month or two, gave them a few hours of love and peace, grudgingly after many postponements let them be married, and then tore them apart forever. The author sensitively allows the letters of Kate and Sandie to tell their story in their own words. It is Kate Corbin Pendleton, bereft of husband, son, and kinsmen, who, in the epilogue, sums up the overwhelming tragedy of the war, not for herself only but for all her generation: "I wonder people's hearts don't break. When they have ached and ached as mine has done till feeling seems to be almost worn out of them. My poor empty arms, with their sweet burden torn away forever."

This biography reveals the personal and private aspects of war, the slow and steady attrition of men and materials, the unjointing of family and society

as the casualty lists grew, the poverty of the advocates of the Lost Cause as they stood surrounded by graves and ruins when the war was done. Most important, it shows the character of a young man torn from the springtime of life in a Virginia college town, thrust into the fires of war and developing in those fires, still deeply religious, occasionally still an undergraduate at heart, intellectual and literary interests still strong in chance hours of leisure, the indomitable will and ingrained devotion to duty leading inexorably on from Chancellorsville to Fisher's Hill and the grave at Lexington, hard by the grave of the great general he served.

DUDLEY T. CORNISH

Kansas State College of Pittsburg.

From Cedar Mountain to Antietam: August-September, 1862. By Edward J. Stackpole. (Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: The Stackpole Company, 1959. Pp. 459. \$5.95.)

THIS, THE FOURTH of Mr. Stackpole's books about the War, is essentially a critique of tactics and strategy. Its chief assets are its careful chronology and concise detail. Such matters as precise figures on division and even regimental strength, the times at which orders were received and when their execution begun, and the hour-by-hour location in major actions of both troops and their commanders, are of much concern to Mr. Stackpole. The book therefore is a convenient single-volume reference book; this is where one can find in a hurry who was doing what to whom and when.

The book also stirs up again a raft of familiar arguments for those who like arguments about functional military wisdom. Most of Mr. Stackpole's opinions grow out of two basic convictions: The Union high command during the period was uniformly inept, and Union staff work was dreadfully inefficient.

He could find a multitude of supporters for both arguments, of course, but it will be difficult for most readers to avoid reflecting once more how much simpler it is to exercise hindsight than foresight. Mr. Stackpole has had a connection with modern military command, and this reader, at least, cannot avoid feeling that the author frequently judges both command decisions and the intricacies of staff work in terms of modern military communication. Mr. Stackpole is aware of this hazard, and indicates that he has tried to avoid it, but he still seems to forget sometimes that command was much different when the commander could only give a courier a penciled note and say, "Go find Richardson and give him this."

The writer who is primarily concerned with tactics and strategy cannot, of course, be expected to deal at length with what might be lamely called the "human" aspects of the War. This book, like many others, often sounds as if these were not battles, but an elaborate form of outdoor sport. Mr. Stackpole cannot be described, even charitably, as a talented writer; he hacks his way grimly through the factual jungle using as his only weapons a few dull-edged metaphors, and the outdoor sport metaphor to which he is most addicted is football:

Conversely, while the Federal team would be engaged in the time-killing pastime of exchanging views on what to do, Lee and Jackson and Stuart would be making forward passes and end runs as Longstreet waited contentedly for the moment when he could carry the ball in one of his characteristic line plunges, to wrap up the ball game.

If somebody doesn't Blow the Whistle on him, Mr. Stackpole is likely to end up a couple of volumes from now declaring that Lee lost because he did not have enough bench strength.

WILLIAM E. PORTER

State University of Iowa.

The Causes of the Civil War. Edited by Kenneth M. Stampp. (Englewood, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1959. Pp. vi, 181. \$1.75.)

IT HAS BEEN ASSERTED that each generation must re-write its history. This would certainly seem to be the case with reference to a determination of the causes of the Civil War. A century of historical writing has not yet brought definitive answers to the basic questions involved in assessing the responsibility for the tragic conflict of 1861-1865. The editor of this well-organized collection of documents—excerpts from speeches, editorials, books, and articles, etc.—has not sought to supply his own answers but rather to make available in an inexpensive "paperback" the varying points of view of some who lived in the midst of the sectional conflict and of others who have written about it from the vantage point of later times.

The problem of selection must have been a formidable one, for the causes of the Civil War have been treated by innumerable writers—and the end is not yet. Nor was it an easy task to organize these disjointed excerpts. The material is grouped under seven headings: (1) "The 'Slave Power' and the 'Black Republicans,'" (2) "State Rights and Nationalism," (3) "Economic Sectionalism," (4) "Blundering Politicians and Irresponsible Agitators," (5) "The Right and Wrong of Slavery," (6) "Majority Rule and Minority Rights," and (7) "The Conflict of Cultures." The reader is left free to make his own evaluation of the divergent points of view expressed and to arrive at his own conclusions. After an introductory statement at the beginning of each chapter, there follows a somewhat random assortment of quotations—some a paragraph in length, others of several pages—taken from contemporary sources and from the writings of modern historians. The only coherence lies in the relationship of the idea or ideas expressed to the general theme of the chapter. The reading is necessarily disjointed, but the ready availability of so many representative points of view on the moot questions concerning the causes of the Civil War is a source of real gratification.

That Charles Sumner of Massachusetts and George Fitzhugh of Virginia should have been poles apart in their views as to the rightness or wrongness of Negro slavery is entirely understandable. But that modern historians are still in such sharp disagreement as to the role of slavery in the causation of the conflict is a bit surprising. As an example of the "revisionist" interpretation which

minimizes slavery as a cause of the Civil War, James G. Randall is quoted in part as follows: "If one word or phrase were selected to account for the war, that word would not be slavery, or economic grievance, or state rights, or diverse civilizations. It would have to be such a word as fanaticism (on both sides), misunderstanding, misrepresentation, or perhaps politics." In other words, the war was the product of "a blundering generation." There is a strong inference that wiser and more restrained men might have avoided the conflict.

Conversely, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., takes the position that, given the issues of that day (including slavery), violence was inevitable. "To reject the moral actuality of the Civil War is to foreclose the possibility of an adequate account of its causes. . . . Nothing exists in history to assure us that the great moral dilemmas can be resolved without pain."

Mr. Stamp is to be commended for his skill as an editor. His choice of selections reprinted in this source book is generally good. Some which might well have been included were omitted. One wonders why Thomas R. Dew and William Lloyd Garrison were not quoted in the chapter on "The Right and Wrong of Slavery." But no anthology of reasonable length could include all the pertinent references. All in all, this is a remarkably useful volume.

W. A. MABRY

Randolph-Macon College

Pickett's Charge: A Microhistory of the Final Attack at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. By George R. Stewart. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1959. Pp. xii, 354. \$5.00.)

TO GEORGE R. STEWART, his new book, *Pickett's Charge*, serves as more than just an account of the immortal assault of 3 July 1863. He states that he "approach[ed] the charge . . . as a microcosm," and believes that by this technique "we may be able to see the war as clearly by looking minutely and carefully at a period of a few hours as by looking extensively and dimly throughout four years." And, he goes on, "may it not supply more than a mere vignette of military history? Much of human nature, good and bad, displays itself on a battlefield. In a sense, even, the charge may stand for all human life. Some time in the years, if not daily, must not each of us hear the command to rise and go forward, and cross the field, and go up against the guns?" Stewart feels that if "the Civil War furnishes the great dramatic episode of the history of the United States, and [if] Gettysburg provides the climax of the war, then the climax of the climax, the central moment of our history, must be Pickett's Charge."

While military historians may contest the statement as to the decisiveness of Pickett's attack in the big picture of the war, few will challenge the view that Stewart's book is an impressive and valuable contribution to the groaning shelf of works on Gettysburg. So thoroughly has the author combed the primary sources and secondary studies, Union and Confederate alike, and so carefully has he reconstructed the story of the great onslaught, that it appears unlikely that there will be need for another such volume within the next genera-

tion. The book is nicely balanced between the Blue side and the Gray, and covers just the fifteen hours surrounding the attack itself.

Very few pertinent documents and printed sources have been overlooked by the author, as the unusually full but uncritical bibliography attests. While the footnotes are unfortunately in the back of the book, they are varied and ample. A number of the appendices are useful, especially those dealing with such topics as, "Confederate Losses," "Fire-Power and Losses," and the nature and value of the battlefield today. The Index is fairly adequate. Helpful to the reader is the generous inclusion of a number of maps and terrain photographs. The pace of the narrative, though shifting back and forth from Federal to Confederate lines, and although usually dealing with but a comparatively few minutes of time at a span, is swift and sure. Most satisfying is the author's blending of critiques on strategy and tactics with accounts of personal incidents.

Less convincing, however, is the author's contention that the men of Pickett, Pettigrew, and Trimble stood a chance of defeating the Union defenders on Cemetery Ridge and winning the battle for Lee. Despite the smallness of the Federal force near the Clump of Trees, sizable bodies of reinforcing troops were in the immediate area. Nor does Stewart strengthen his case when he insists that the charge was made by but 10,500 gray-clad troops, instead of by the generally accepted figure of 15,000. Even in such a dreadful debacle as Pickett's assault, it is difficult to perceive just how 10,500 men could have sustained the bulk of the 7,500 casualties that they did, and still have sufficient momentum, actual or potential, to rout the determined defenders at the Angle. The several references to a "private George Stewart" at Gettysburg are trite and annoying. Then, too, the author should have resisted the device of trying to put thoughts into the minds of several officers on both sides. His contention that Pickett himself went only so far as the vicinity of the Codori buildings is less convincing than Glenn Tucker's view (as expressed in his *High Tide at Gettysburg*) that the attack leader himself actually went much closer to the Federal line than the buildings.

Stewart is moderate in his views of Lee's generalship, and is quite sympathetic to Longstreet. His assessment of the behavior of the embattled column commander seems to ring true: "Up to a certain point . . . Pickett's conduct was all that could be desired. He then suffered some failure of stamina, though probably nothing that could be called cowardice. Most likely, not being a quick-thinking man, he merely became confused, and ended by doing what was not heroic. Thus, instead of going forward at the critical moment or instead of advancing to meet his men as they retired, he went to the rear."

WARREN W. HASSLER, JR.

The Pennsylvania State University.

BOOK NOTES

The West Point Atlas of American Wars. Edited by Vincent J. Esposito. Two volumes, boxed. (New York: Frederick A. Praeger, Inc., 1959, \$47.50.)

Once every decade or so appears a work that justly qualifies as "excellent," "superb," and "unparalleled." Here is such a study. Edited by the Chairman of the Department of Military Art and Engineering at West Point, and with an introductory note of praise by President Eisenhower, this two-volume atlas contains over 400 detailed maps of America's battles from the capture of Louisburg in June, 1745, to the final defense line in Korea in July, 1953. Colonel Esposito has also added consistent symbols for easy understanding and valuable bibliographies for each of America's wars. Small wonder that this work has long been a standard text at the United States Military Academy, for it is comprehensive, its maps are amazingly easy to follow, and its content is intriguing in every sense of the word. Whether your interest lies in Civil War history (for which there are over 135 maps) or with another of our nation's conflicts, no serious student of American history should be without this set. This is a real *must* for understanding the clash of arms by which our nation has been forged.

A Portion of My Life. By W. M. Norman. (Winston-Salem, N.C.: John F. Blair, 1959. Pp. x, 242. \$4.00.)

These reminiscences were written by an officer of the 28th North Carolina Infantry Regiment while imprisoned at Johnson's Island, Ohio. Half of the book treats of Captain Norman's prewar days, and his recollection of the three great battles in which he participated are scanty at the most. Yet he was an observant soldier and remembered many little things other chroniclers overlooked. His description of the dead, dying, and debris following Fredericksburg is excellent. At Chancellorsville he remembered seeing Lee and Jackson placing broom straws on a box as if making brigade dispositions. His horror of war shone forth at Gettysburg, when he recalled four men being killed by one shell. He tended to minimize his own dangers and hardships in the army and lightly passed over the fact that at Chancellorsville he and a private were the only survivors of their twenty-three-man company. Imprisoned at Johnson's Island late in 1863, Norman spent the remainder of the war there, then made a three-month hike back to North Carolina, where he lived out his life as a farmer. This is a lively and altogether different soldier's narrative, and one readers will not likely forget.

Flight into Oblivion. By A. J. Hanna. (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1959. Pp. xvii, 306. \$5.00.)

First published in 1938, this work is considered by many to be the best study of the flight of Davis and his cabinet from Richmond in the posthumous days of the Confederacy. A poignant and moving style vividly recaptures the tragedy and fearful moments of Davis, Breckinridge, Mallory, Benjamin, and other high Confederate officials as they raced southward in an attempt to elude pursuing Federal cavalry. The anxieties experienced at Danville, Charlotte, Abbeville, and Irwinville are recreated and supplemented by the pen sketches of John Rae. Dr. Hanna, now vice-president of Rollins College, has added a new foreword to this second edition of a fascinating facet of Civil War history. Against a backdrop of defeat and despair, here is real adventure skillfully reported.

The Governor and His Lady. By Earl Conrad. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1960. Pp. 433. \$5.95.)

In this love triangle involving William H. Seward, his invalid wife, and the blazing politics of the Civil War period, Mrs. Seward by historical right is supposed to emerge on the short end. Instead, we see a foremost American statesman spending so many hours in tender company with his wife that one wonders if the days of the Civil War were lengthened to thirty hours for Seward's benefit. This study must be ranked as more fiction than history; much of it is conceived conversation. There is neither a bibliography to substantiate the author's reporting nor an index to check on the minor characters. Lincoln makes occasional appearances to reinforce the historical backdrops. Otherwise, this is a tender love story between a devoted husband and a crippled wife. Well-written and at times absorbing, *The Governor and His Lady* whets the appetite for a new and comprehensive study of the shrewd New Yorker who served as Lincoln's Secretary of State.

Southern Historical Society Papers. New Series—Number XIV; Whole Number LII. Edited by Frank E. Vandiver. (Richmond: Virginia Historical Society, 1959. Pp. 500. \$7.50.)

The publication of this volume ends a valuable series that began in 1876. The first forty volumes of the *S.H.S.P.* are a storehouse of Confederate treatises and memoirs on every phase of The Lost Cause, while the last few issues, under the skillful editorship of Frank Vandiver, have contained the complete Proceedings of the Second Confederate Congress. Book collectors are already scouring the secondhand market for sets and odd volumes. Those who wish a partial fulfillment via an easier road may obtain a majority of the volumes—in new condition—by ordering direct from the Virginia Historical Society, 428 North Boulevard, Richmond 20.

Quantrill and His Civil War Guerillas. By Carl W. Breihan. (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1959. Pp. 174. \$3.50.)

Here is a new study of the slightly-built raider of the West whom historians have variously described as shrewd, disloyal, and sadistic. It is not a biography of Quantrill as much as it is a history of the band he led. Jesse and Frank James, Bill Anderson, Cole and James Younger, and other notables of the Wild West are shown in the roles each played in the struggle of the 1860's. This study of Quantrill's band moves fast and contains both the color and the adventure that marked its brief, bloody existence. While the work suffers from no index or documentation, the combination of rare photographs and lively style makes it well worth the price. Moreover, it is a welcome and needy addition to a knowledge of the war in Missouri, a conflict that rivals in hatred and bloodshed the more noted struggles in the east.

"Sunset" Cox: Irrepressible Democrat. By David Lindsey. (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1959. Pp. xx, 323. \$5.00).

Samuel Sullivan Cox of Ohio devoted the thirty best years of his life to defending and pushing before a Radical Republican Congress the principles of the Democratic Party to which he adhered and for which he had the utmost faith. He strove to preserve the Union; when he failed, he directed all his efforts toward peace and a friendly reconciliation. While he was not always successful, he was neither overlooked nor underrated by his colleagues. His was a strong voice of moderation from a minority party. Dr. Lindsey of Los Angeles State College has skillfully recaptured the political fervor of the Civil War period. "Sunset" Cox enjoys a new dawn, and one that does overdue credit to the man about whom "Czar" Reed once stated: "Mr. Cox was not an orator . . . but in action he was a whole skirmish line."

A Southern Woman's Story. By Phoebe Yates Pember. Edited by Bell Irvin Wiley. (Jackson, Tenn.: McCowat-Mercer Press, 1959. Pp. 199. \$4.95.)

To students of the Confederacy and followers of its womenfolk, this literary classic needs little introduction. First published in 1879, these unabridged reminiscences of a nurse at Richmond's Chimborazo Hospital contain unique humor, contemporary gossip, unconcealed horror, and unmatched insights into the most pathetic aftermath of war—the maimed and wounded. Mrs. Pember spent the years 1862-1865 as the first matron at the world's largest military hospital. She recorded in forthright fashion the joys and sorrows of those whom she assisted. That she was a very remarkable lady is obvious from the charm, wit, and devotion to duty constantly reflected in her narrative, and readers will be recipients of many little-known facts of the Confederate capital after perusing this work. Dr. Wiley has performed a valuable service

not only by bringing out a new edition of this valuable memoir, but also by adding a valuable introduction, several unpublished letters written by Mrs. Pember, excellent illustrations, and a needed index. The book is a revitalized memorial to those unsung women on both sides who served silently.

Mr. Lincoln Goes to New York. By Andrew A. Freeman. (New York: Coward-McCann, 1960. Pp. 160. \$3.95.)

This small volume covers the three days of February, 1860, that Lincoln spent in New York. The climax of the story—and the visit—is the famous Cooper Union address which Lincoln delivered to 1,500 of New York's elite, and which acted as the springboard for his leap to the Republican nomination and the presidency. Too much background material and too many deviations spoil a story that is dramatic and exciting *per se*. Readers may finish the work being more familiar with New York City than Mr. Lincoln. Good illustrations, plus the inspiring words of Lincoln's address, reinforce an otherwise shaky performance.

Generals in Gray: Lives of the Confederate Commanders. By Ezra J. Warner. (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1959. Pp. xxvii, 420. \$7.50.)

In masterly style this book contains biographical sketches and photographs of the 425 Southern officers who achieved the rank of brigadier or higher. No longer is it necessary to comb the volumes of *Confederate Military History*, *Lee's Lieutenants*, *Dictionary of American Biography*, and other reference works in quest of data on some Confederate who wore wreathed stars on his collar. "Bud" Warner has performed a valuable service for Civil War enthusiasts in general and writers in particular. Despite a few minor factual errors (e.g., *Bethel to Sharpsburg* was written by D. H. Hill Jr., not his father), the over-all result is a work that will gather dust on few bookshelves. *Generals in Blue* will soon follow.

The Fighting Parson: Biography of Col. John M. Chivington. By Reginald S. Craig. (Los Angeles: Western Lore Press, 1959. Pp. 285. \$7.50.)

For years the name of John Chivington has been spoken with contempt and disgust. As a Federal cavalry commander, his great exploits against Sibley's Confederates in the 1862 New Mexico campaign were quickly forgotten in the face of his alleged "massacre" of the Cheyenne at Sand Creek in November, 1864. Col Craig, of the Los Angeles Bureau of Engineering, has amassed a wealth of material on Chivington that tends to place "The Fighting Parson" in a new and more favorable light. Like its subject, this biography is stimulating and provocative, and it makes for highly interesting reading.

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